THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

IF business America comes to reckon the consequences of this winter's broken employment in terms of what it has done to the biggest market in the United States then the recession will have taught us a hard but potent lesson. That lesson is that working time is the money of the wage-earning, wage-spending market and that wages must have three dimensions if they are to hold up a home, sustain a community and help assure us continuous business prosperity.

HIGH WAGES. Since the turn of the century some of our greatest employing corporations have learned that wages can be high—and yet labor costs can be kept low through scientific management. They threw over the idea that an "easy labor market" is a good thing, with a hundred men clamoring for work each morning at the mill gate and with fear of losing your job as the motive power for work. They have realized that high wages mean more purchasers for autos, radios, refrigerators, pianos, sewing machines, houses and the like. Henry Ford, with his pre-war $5 a day wage anticipated the change; and President Hoover pegged it in last fall.

LONG WAGES. Some of our most progressive employers have learned that wages should be long as well as high. In a special number of Survey Graphic last April on Unemployment and Ways Out, hat makers, date packers and shoe makers, paper manufacturers, machine builders and others told how in their own lines they had regularized irregular production to the benefit of their employes, their output and their profits. The Senator from Michigan, former Mayor of Detroit, Ford's former partner, and last year Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, puts the case (page 5) for this second dimension for wages, especially as it bears on our new mass production industries. When they stall, employment goes down in a heap.

In our March Survey Graphic, Beulah Amidon visualized this in Toledo, a City the Auto Ran Over where a payroll of 31,000 last spring shrank to 4,000 last fall. In When Detroit's Out of Gear (page 9) we have the findings of HELEN HALL who visited the great center of the automobile trade as chairman of the Unemployment Committee of the National Federation of Settlements. Miss Hall was A.R.C. representative at Base Hospital 63, A.E.F., at the close of the war; she later developed our hostess houses in the Philippines and the Orient and is today head resident of University House, Philadelphia. The sure strokes with which she molds her family groups, their personalities and predicaments, reveal her avocation. Her's is a story of human travail.

And in sheer contrast to Toledo, to Pontiac, Flint and Detroit, MISS AMIDON, industrial editor of The Survey, takes us to an oasis in the midst of this winter's desert, in her narrative of how one industry has stabilized production and how it has stood up to the recent months. For two of our most famous soap makers—Procter & Gamble and Fels & Company—are among the few American firms who guarantee the working year. So far as we know Ivorydale: A Pay Roll that Floats (page 18), is the first appraisal of such an industrial program subjected to so rigorous a test. Hers is the dramatic and moving story of a great human adventure.

BROAD WAGES. Some of our cities this winter are learning that wages must not only be high and long but broad—that good pay is not enough if it is broken down by part-time or undermined by lay-offs; that steady work by a few firms is not enough, if the general run of local industries are dishevelled; that high wages and long wages must be spread broadly over a whole district, if that district would thrive. Dayton, Philadelphia and Cincinnati are learning this—Dayton with its program-making on the part of business and social agencies; Philadelphia with its outstanding report by the Chamber of Commerce (Morris Leeds: Steady Work a Civic Asset—Survey Graphic for February); and Cincinnati, with its permanent employment commission; the first set up by an American city. Col. Procter is himself chairman of its important committee on stabilization which is encouraging each local establishment to find its own formula—for its own sake and that of all of them.

OUTFLANKING UNEMPLOYMENT: MANAGEMENT'S OPPORTUNITY—will be the subject of an after-dinner meeting of Survey Associates April 9, in New York, with Col. Procter speaking on Guaranteed Employment.

THE House Immigration Committee has reported out the new Johnson bill which would put the Western Hemisphere under a modified quota. Meanwhile the State Department and the Immigration Service have cut down the flow. A special number of Survey Graphic on Mexican immigration will be published in the early fall. Here, bearing on the issue in Congress, are articles by two of our collaborators in that number. PAUL TAYLOR (page 26) is professor of economics at the University of California, and for three years has been carrying forward under the Social Science Research Council major inquiries, ranging from the border counties to the steel districts of Chicago. ROBERT N. MCLEAN (page 28) is widely known for his book, "That Mexican." But in all the belt from east Texas to central California, he is known for his very modern sort of circuit-riding as associate director of the Spanish speaking work of the Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

THREE New York plans to provide hospital care at moderate cost, announced since Survey Graphic published its special issue on The Cost of Health (Jan.) are outlined on page 30 by MARY ROSS, who edited it.

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DETROIT

"It lives on the motor; says of itself it is 'dynamic,'" comments the famous German architect, Erich Mendelsohn, from whose volume, Amerika, this photograph is taken.

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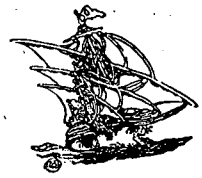

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Long Wages

By JAMES COUZENS

I BELIEVE in men. I do not believe men are bad. I believe that all men have to do is to be awakened to their derelictions and they will solve the problems before them. It was because of that faith that is in me that I left Congress two days ahead of time in December to speak at a banquet of the Michigan Manufacturers Association in Detroit, on the subject of the intermittent employment that has scotched our manufacturing centers this winter, on the problem of how to stabilize work and so to stabilize income.

Right in that great wealthy city of ours there were thousands and thousands and thousands—probably fifty to one hundred thousand—of men out of work, with the thermometer ten above zero, with the ground covered with snow and at Christmas time. "What about it?" I asked of these fellow citizens of mine, in my home city. I put it to them this way:

I do not charge you men with being inhuman. I charge you men with being careless, with being thoughtless of the results of your failure to solve this problem, and I have a right to charge it because ten years ago I had the honor of being your mayor when 150,000 men were laid off in a day by the snap of a finger at the command of industry and we, your city servants, were left to grapple with the situation; we were left to find a way to buy shoes and milk tickets, pay rent and send children to school. You passed it off like the water on a duck's back. Government came to the relief. But you paid for it, however. You paid for it. You paid for it through the nose, through taxation, and you will continue to pay for it; believe me you will pay for it, and you will pay for it in the most expensive way; you will pay for it through government, which is the most expensive way.

You can prevent high taxes; you can prevent bureaucrats from interfering with the progress and the development of business; you can prevent officials from sending out forms by the bushel for you to fill out and return, if you will solve these problems for yourselves. Government does not interfere with business until business itself has created the necessity.

Earlier in my address, I had spoken of the issues that were coming before me as chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce—bills to regulate aircraft, not only the schedules and the service, but the rates; bills to regulate communications, for the radio has become one of the greatest factors in the lives of the citizens of this country; bills to stabilize values of railroads and to permit more liberal consolidations; bills with respect to the investment trusts dealing in securities doing interstate commerce; and so on. I had reminded them of my record in demanding home rule for Detroit and in standing for the right of the states to regulate their own utilities. But I pointed out to them that every act of Congress originates back home, and that our representatives at Washington will not vote for legislation that a majority of the public in the aggregate do not want.

So it is with this problem of unemployment which is fundamental to the prosperity, the happiness and contentment of the people of the United States. It comes properly before Congress in many ways. There are bills pending to deal with it. We are constantly—and when I say "we," I mean we politicians or statesmen, or whatever you choose to call us when we are interested in solving human problems, or doing anything which business itself thinks it can best do—we are constantly charged with interfering with business, with being paternalistic; with

Millions of cars—the auto-shows—$5, $6, $7 wages—the "greatest year in the history of automobile making"—that's one side of the shield. But before the year was out, 150,000 laid off in Detroit alone, the city spending half a million in public relief in a single month—that's the other side, etched in stories of family struggle by Miss Hall (page 9). Here Senator Couzens broadens his charge from Michigan manufacturers to American employers generally, his challenge to "pay-by-the-year-and-get-your-money's-worth." And on page 18, Miss Amidon tells how Colonel Procter has demonstrated in one industry the business sense and human worth of steady work the year round.

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trying to do the things that business should do and can do for itself. Everyone knows the hue and cry that goes up when there is any attempt to pass regulatory legislation: "More business in government, less government in business." But whenever government gets into business, it is the fault of business. I am not in favor of setting up bureaus to take care of all the humane and economic needs of industry. I want managers and employers and workers to solve their own problems. But whenever industry wants to be freed from governmental interference and regulation, industry must undertake the job itself. If the business men do not solve this unemployment problem, Congress will.

My comments do not apply to those manufacturers who have bestirred themselves, but to those who are neglecting the human side of their operations. I wish I had vocabulary sufficient to express the depths of my heart on this pathetic thing that happens and is allowed to happen all too often in this great country of ours. And I refer to some of the greatest captains of industry, some of the men who have the greatest vision, to back up my statements as to the necessity for stabilization.

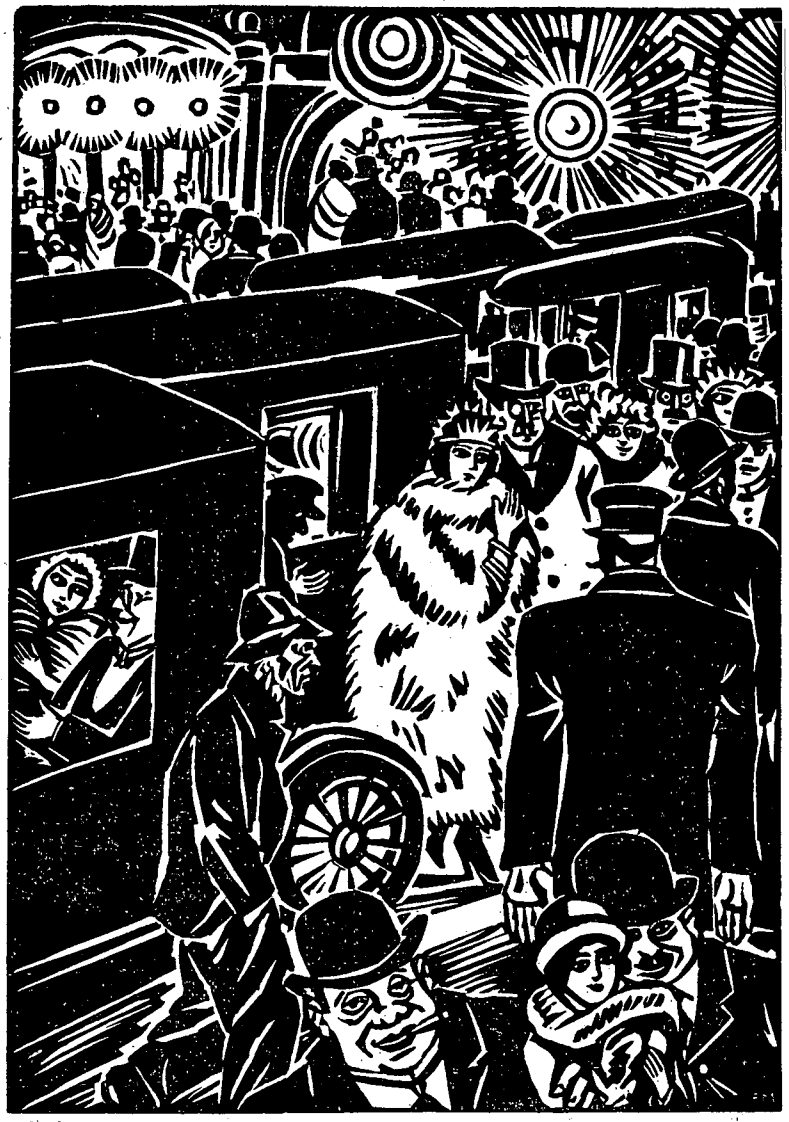
OWEN D. YOUNG, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, has called unemployment the "greatest economic blot on our capitalistic system." There is not a man or a woman who reads this who does not benefit by that system. We decry the form of government in Russia. But the way to stop the growth of Bolshevism is to heal the sore spots at home. For her part, Russia condemns us because of our capitalistic system. We give everybody the opportunity for such criticism so long as we neglect the human factors that live by our capitalistic system. Those who profit by it, those who make money out of the efforts of human beings, have an obligation to those human beings.

No employer can decry labor organizations who fail to conserve the human element engaged in his production. There will be no unreasonable demands from labor if industry itself takes care of the needs of labor adequately. And yet every few years we go through what we are going through now, the depths of human suffering.

During the last Congress, I was chairman of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor which in the early part of 1929, at request of the Senate, by a resolution unanimously adopted, carried on an inquiry to find out what, if anything, the federal government could do to aid stabilization of employment. We held extensive hearings and brought out a volume. Manufacturers, railroad presidents, labor leaders, economists and public officials testified to the unmoral results of permitting this hiring and firing of men at will. Just think what it means to hire thousands of men today, and a few weeks hence to fire them without any more consideration than if they were some animal other than human.

President Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad (and of no man have I greater respect), appeared before the committee and said that all that was needed was the will to do on the part of management. Mr. Loree of the D., L. and W. told of ways his road was stabilizing the income of workers by continuous employment.

It may be said that different industries encounter different



Woodcuts by the Belgian artist Frans Masereel

"But I do find fault with the man who employs labor to

problems. That's true. But there is no industry, there is no management worthy of the name that can not take into consideration and solve these problems of the human beings who make their industry possible.

We heard the testimony of a manufacturer doing a business of eight or ten millions a year who said he was awakened to the inhumanity of intermittent employment with the consequent suffering among the families of the people laid off. Is there an American employer whose heart is so dead that he does not desire to protect women and children? No man is worthy of the name who does not desire to do so, and yet under the pressure of our production and marketing methods we have become careless, we have become thoughtless, we have fallen into the practice of hiring and firing men at will, wholly regardless of the consequences, that women and children may suffer as the result of our thoughtless acts. This manufacturer[1] visualized the necessity for assuring his employes a stable income. He recognized that he would have difficulty in trying to arrange his production so as to give his men year-round work. So he asked himself, "How can I best solve this problem?" He said, "I will start by taking $150,000 out of the treasury, and put it in a reserve fund,

[1] Henry S. Dennison, president Dennison Manufacturing Company, Framingham, Mass.

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create wealth for himself and neglects the workers"

and every time any department of our business lays off a man, that man is to receive 60% of his pay because it is not his fault, it is the management's fault because it fails to regulate our business at that point so as to stabilize his work; therefore, I propose that management shall pay the price and not the worker who has no voice in the management.

So he went ahead and to his astonishment every department head, every superintendent charged with the responsibility for not wasting the company's funds by paying men who were not working, stabilized his part of their industry and in eight years that the plan has been working, all that they have paid out of that reserve fund has been $75,000—no more than a single week's payroll in that plant.

When American employers thus penalize themselves and make up their minds that they are going to penalize themselves, they will find a way to manage their business so that the workers may have an assured income.

Speaking to the employers association of my home state, I put it this way:

I do not know how many men among you have worked and had the responsibility of raising children, have had women and children to care for; and have had the constant worry of wondering whether you were going to have a job next week or not. I wonder how many of you have had to stop and think that some man up in the head office might tomorrow lay off thousands of men, and you among them.

I wonder, with that standing over your head all the time, how efficient you would be. I wonder what kind of a good worker you would be if you were wondering all the time whether the boss were going to lay you off, whether he were going to close down your department; whether you are going to have any money to send your children to school; whether you were going to have any money to buy clothes for them.

I am not here with a sob story. I can be as hard-boiled as it is necessary to be when it comes to men who are not good workers; I can be cold and indifferent to the man who does not want to work, to the loafer, to the man who is not trying to do the best he can; but I submit, I cannot be cold and indifferent to the man who has no choice; to the man who has a family to look after and who is doing the best he can, when that man is confronted with unemployment; when that man is confronted with his income being cut off; when that man has no voice in it, no word to say when his wages are to be cut short. When that situation arises, then I can be human. I can then wake up to the responsibility of man to man.

Some of you may say, "Oh, I have a different sort of industry." Some will say, "Mine is different from all the others; I cannot stabilize mine." Yet we had before us the head of an Indiana company which engages solely in the preserving of fruit at harvest time. That is surely a seasonal business, one of the most difficult to stabilize, and yet this concern has successfully regularized its production so as to give continuous employment to those who wanted it and those who needed it.

I do not say that there are not occasions, in merchandising and manufacturing, and production, and even in public utilities, where it may not be necessary to take on a few extra helpers for emergencies. I am not talking about those. Nor am I talking about the small-minded man who is looking for excuses to avoid his responsibilities. He will find them. I am looking for the man who wants to be human. I am looking for the man who wants to solve these problems; I am not looking for the man who wants to duck. Anybody can duck contributing to community funds; anybody can duck doing his duty; he can find all kinds of excuses. But I wonder sometimes, what he thinks when he is alone; I wonder, sometimes, if he ever searches his conscience and realizes that he owes responsibility to his men.

We are our brother's keepers. I am not a church man; I do not go to church. I am not finding fault with those who do. But I do find fault with the man, church-goer or not, who employs labor to create wealth and luxury for himself and neglects the workers when he finds it inconvenient to keep them on his payroll.

In Washington we have gone through hours and days and months of tariff hearings; we have heard the pleadings of industries for higher rates; we have heard their representatives say, "We must have these higher rates in the interest of the workers." Every brief that has been presented to Congress, every plea for higher rates, is based on this plea to protect American workers.

BUT I submit that if you will look into the men who put forward these briefs, and claim that they are handicapped by foreign competition, you will find that the captains—the owners and managers—of those industries are living in more than comfort. They are sending their children to high-class boarding-schools and colleges or rearing them in luxury; they are not making any sacrifices because of the low tariff rates. They may be making less money, no doubt. They make their plea for the workers, but if you will analyze what happened

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when the tariff was raised through the Fordney-Macumber Tariff Act in 1922, you will find that very little of the advantage trickled down to labor. Most of the benefits accrued to capital. There was no great increase in wages when the Fordney-Macumber Act was passed; there wasn't much benefit from its high-tariff schedules that reached through to the people they pleaded to protect. Do not misunderstand me. I am a protective tariff senator. I believe in adequate rates based on the difference in the cost of production abroad and the cost of production at home. But I want the benefits to get through to the producers from top to bottom. I want to maintain as high a standard as humanly possible for American workers. And this is as much to the interest of American employers as to the interest of their employes. The better wages they pay, the more stable they can fix the income of their workers, the better their business is going to be.

I SAID in a recent speech in the Senate that there is no way that the government can by legislation improve business except by improving the ability of the public of the United States to consume. I fear no successful contradiction to that statement. You cannot make money as a manufacturer, you cannot keep your plant working successfully, unless the public is in a position to consume your product.

Within the time that I was in the motor car business, I saw periods of depression come as one has come this winter. What did industry do? It laid off thousands of men, millions of men. A high official of our government told me at the time the stock market crashed last fall, unemployment jumped in two weeks from 700,000 to 3,100,000.

Does that mean anything to you? Does it mean anything to you that 3,000,000 men with perhaps 15,000,000 people to support are out of work in the United States? Do you realize that the decreased purchasing power and the decreased consuming power of these people means anything to American business? Did it not accentuate the difficulty? Whoever heard of a person having a fever doing things to make the temperature go higher? Yet that is what American business has been doing. So long as we fail to stabilize production and employment, we are walking into trouble such as we have been in this winter.

I HAVE not seen any widespread effort on the part of American industry in the past to solve this thing. We try in very pitiful ways to soften it after it gets here. But what have we done to prevent it? I know of nothing that is being done in a broad sense that can be so characterized. I know that every man, woman and child is doing everything we can to prevent illness. We spend millions for preventive medicine, but what are we doing to prevent these recurrent periods of unemployment?

I should like to say to American employers generally what I said to the employers of Michigan:

> This unemployment situation that enters into this winter's depression is your fault; no one's but yours. You could have prevented it. You could have refrained from your high pressure salesmanship; your forcing luxuries upon people who are unable to buy them, which you in your sane moments know they can never pay for. But you will say that a man ought to know enough not to buy these things. You will say that people must protect themselves. You will say that you cannot help it if a man is foolish enough to buy beyond his means to pay. But I submit, gentlemen, that you are the ones who have forced upon them these articles of luxury which people cannot afford. You, through your high pressure salesmanship and your ambition and desire to keep up production to the sky, have forced upon millions of people in this country articles which they can never pay for.
>
> I wonder if you really thought that this pyramiding of installment sales up into the billions of dollars could keep up. Did you really think there was no stop to it? Did you really think that people would go on buying on the installment plan forever and ever? You had a temporary glory, and you got some temporary benefit from it, but you are paying the price now. You will continue to pay the price every time you disobey sound, economic laws; and I submit that it is unsound and uneconomic to force upon people by the millions luxuries which you know they cannot afford to pay for.
>
> Gentlemen, we do not follow through. We are all taught when we play golf to follow through, but we are never taught to follow through on some of our economic policies. We are too anxious to grab the dollar of the day, and let posterity take care of itself; but we are overtaken by posterity before we get through. There isn't any answer to that; you know it, and that is the reason, because you have known it, that you are to blame for not having taken cognizance of the fact; that is the reason we are in this state of affairs today.
>
> I do not care how much propaganda is sent out, how many statements are issued that business is sound; I do not care how many brilliant college professors and captains of industry issue statements that business is normal. I am here to try, if I can, from my experience and observations to instill upon you men the necessity for recognizing sound economic principles and adhering to them; for stabilizing the income of the workers so that they can consume, for by that means only can you stabilize business and have good business.

STABILIZATION of the income of workers must be accomplished. If American business does not accomplish it, the American government will, through unemployment insurance, through old age insurance, and all the other sorts of insurance necessary to preserve human life.

What is government? Is a government created just to protect industry? Is government created by the people simply to protect property rights? I do not so conceive it. My conception is that government is for the purpose of protecting human beings first, and, when industry does not protect human beings, government will step in.

There are many industries in this country which have stabilized their dividends. There are great railroads, great utility companies, great manufacturing concerns, which send their quarterly dividends to their stockholders whether times are good or bad. They take the fat years and reserve enough to stabilize their dividends for the lean years.

What to correspond with that does industry do for labor? Do our industries take anything out of their good years, their periods of high employment, to stabilize the income of the workers during the off seasons and the hard times? Not many; not many that I have heard of.

It would be more human, and American employers would have an easier conscience, if they took enough earnings out of fat years to stabilize the income of the workers during the lean years. If every industry were to pay its men by the year instead of by the hour or the day, industry would find a way to stabilize its production so that it got its money's worth.

For industry has a way of solving its problems when it has to. Competent management finds a way to go through periods of depression, and it can find a way to help its workers through them.

Men are unthinking; they are careless, they are thoughtless about the results of their acts, but they are not heartless, and it is my hope, in presenting this matter as I have, that others will present it in such a way as will really wake up our consciences so that, as Mr. Willard of the B. & O. put it, we shall have the will to do.

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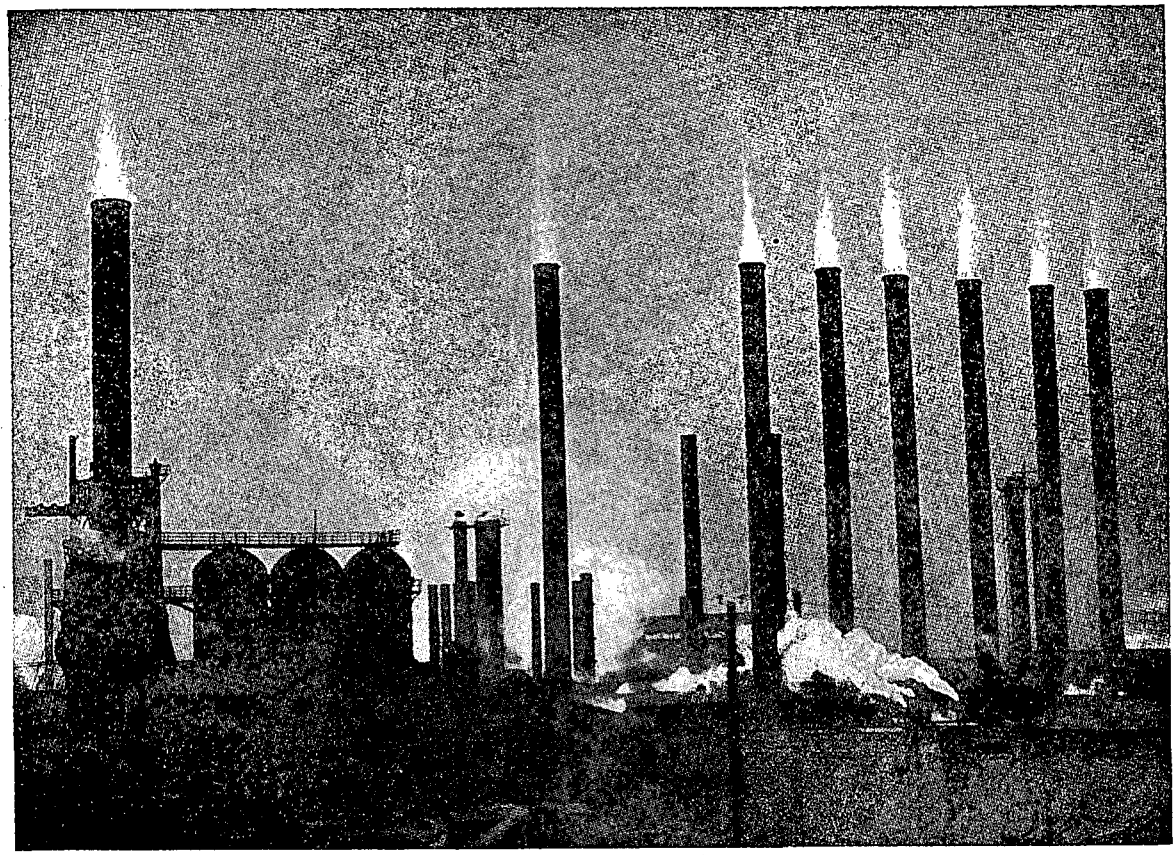

DETROIT SKYLINE *Photo by Hoppe in Das Deutsche Lichtbild, Schultz, Berlin*

When Detroit's Out of Gear

By HELEN HALL

I HAVE never confronted such misery as on the zero day of my arrival in Detroit. It was still dark at 7.30 when our train pulled in and I had forgotten how cold cold could be until I stepped out onto the station platform that January morning. After breakfast at Franklin Street Settlement, we set out for the Department of Public Welfare. There we came upon muffled men and women at the entrance. They crowded the lower corridors and we had to push by. They were on the stairs and filled the upper halls, standing, waiting their turn. I wanted to look at them and see what type of men and women they really were, but I was ashamed to look. I felt suddenly conscious of the fur lining of my coat and the good breakfast I had eaten. Perhaps it was the bitter cold I had come in from and they had come in from that gave me the impression that they were congealed into one disconsolate lump.

When I came out two hours later the same lines were there, literally the same lines for I recognized a red knitted cap on one of the men—such a sad little man and his cap wasn't much nearer the window. And inside they were working fast and steadily and it seemed to me with great kindliness. In December alone the department had disbursed nearly half a million dollars in public relief. Two-thirds of the families had been driven to apply because of the unemployment of the breadwinner. In January the figure was to rise to $650,000.

Henry W. Zahrn, the director, and his associates had given me an insight into the make-up of the lines, and now as I came out my first impression was of their youth. They were not the faces you see around soup-kitchens. That afternoon I called at other welfare stations. Seven had been opened in different parts of the city so that the people would not have so far to go and the crowds could be more easily handled. A church sheltered one of them and a dreary congregation they looked! Visitors sometimes say that they do not see how settlement workers can stand living where

A new roadster, another taxi, a heavier truck; more speed, fun or convenience—that is what automobiles mean to most of us. What do they mean to the people who build the changing models? If you would make their acquaintance, visit Detroit, its satellite cities and the midwestern districts which supply parts and raw materials. They also are family parties who, for better or worse, ride in those cars we buy and who, because of the ups and downs of our buying, the shortcomings of management, have had rough going on this winter's roads.

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we see so much trouble; they do not realize that we also see our neighbors when they are gay. But I felt that way about those welfare stations. The only worse thing I've ever seen, was the look on the faces of a company of French poilus who had been in the trenches four years; all hope seemed to have been wiped out and an intense weariness had taken its place.

WHEN I came to visit the homes of some of these men and women I could gauge something of the struggle that so often had gone on before they had come to the welfare stations. Asking for help, even if the cause for it lies far outside our own control, means a serious breakdown in family pride and self-confidence, a self-confidence which seldom blossoms again with the same sturdiness. As one woman said to me, "My husband hated to go stand in those lines, but I drove him to it. We couldn't see the children starve. He don't seem to mind it so much now!"

The Onottos were living on potatoes and pancakes when the father finally asked for help. He had been out since October from the Michigan Steel Corporation. Before Wesley Rollins finally appealed, he had carried his family for five and a half months, in spite of the serious illness of one of the children. He is a Nova Scotian, thirty-two years old and for four years had worked at Murray Body.

Susie Lock was in the line because her husband had deserted her and her two small children. Matthew had worked at the Timken Axle Works for the first four years after he and Susie were married. Then he changed to the Cadillac Motors where they were paying more per hour. But his department so often didn't work the full nine hours a day and with time out each year for inventory, they weren't able to save enough to tide them over this last three and a half month's idleness. She was still bewildered by what had happened when I saw her in their neat flat in the rear of a two family house. Her story as she told it:

I said to him, "You must be lazy or you'd have gotten a job!" I don't know what ever made me say it, but he'd been gone so long that day I thought surely he'd got something. And he just gets up and says, "All right, if you feel that way about it, I'll go to Chicago and look for a job!" And then he gets right out. You see he knows a guy who's got an old Ford and him and three others have gone off in it. But it's an open car and it's so cold and that was Tuesday and I ain't heard. And I wish I'd never said it.

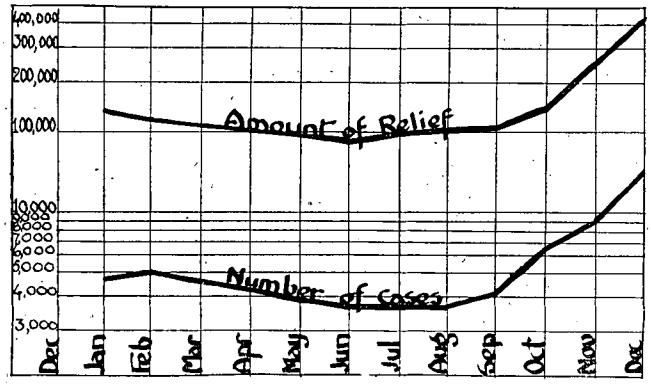
The age factor may have entered somewhat into Henry Nelson's problem. He seemed anxious to sit down when we came in and steadied himself by the furniture, but I didn't know then that he was weak for lack of food. When the department had come in on the case he had had little or nothing to eat for three days. He was fifty-two, a bad age, practically hopeless for a job when young men couldn't get work, and he was aware of it; for he was an old Detroiter, had worked for Ford, Graham-Paige, and Fisher Body, and knew the ropes. But he had kept on trying because he had the "missus to look after." There were two sons and a married daughter. Both sons and the son-in-law had been out of work for three months. Four men workless and wage-less in one family!

THE lines at the city welfare stations are not the only ones. More of the automobile workers were to be found among the men and women shuffling dejectedly at the public and private employment offices, and again all of them at one time or another in those lines which run into the thousands before the gate of any of the large plants which are hiring help, and in lesser numbers, before the door of any plant whether it is hiring or not.

For the men who are laid off feel that they still belong. They go back and back. Detroit is spread out. Even in normal times workmen sometimes travel two hours to work and two hours back. But when work is hard to get, they may spend the night in line waiting to be let in through the gates to the employment offices in the morning. In freezing weather they build fires to warm themselves, and what with the wet and the strain, there are occasional fracases to get up front and a rush when opening time comes. Joe Smith told me he was put through the line so fast at Hudson Motors that he had time to tell of only one thing that he could do. So as he had worked in four different departments, he changed hats and coats with his friends and went through the line four times.

John Rogers made comment on the search for employment: "Only God knows and sometimes I think even God don't know much about hunting a job." He has had varied experience with automobile factories—Dodge, Chrysler, and Briggs Manufacturing Company—and with the ups and downs of prosperity. In 1928, the year after their child was born, he worked steadily, making an average of thirty dollars a week. "We lived that year," Mrs. Rogers said to her Franklin Street neighbor. "We went on the boat and I went to the library and got books. We furnished our rooms, too." She looked about the rooms with pride. "We didn't spend our money foolish. But then came the black year." The black year was 1929. John worked from January to July last year and during that time he earned $644.06. In April he saw signs of a lay-off and Mrs. Rogers started in to earn. In the summer months several families for whom she worked went away and she averaged only about two days a week. They managed out of that and out of the little they had saved.

"You Pay Through the Nose"—Senator Couzens



The upper line shows the huge load of outdoor relief carried by the Detroit Department of Public Welfare in the early winter. Such relief ranged around $100,000 throughout the summer. In October it rose to $150,000, in November to $250,000, in December to nearly $500,000.

The lower line exhibits the number of individuals or families given relief or treatment. They ranged below 4,000 throughout the summer; jumped to 7,000 in October; to 9,000 in November, and ran off the upper bars of the chart to 13,000 in December. Nearly two-thirds were families driven to apply because of unemployment.

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Photo by the Heiser Company

"FEWER JOBS TO BE HAD THAN IN ANY JANUARY SINCE 1922"

At the State-City Employment office in Cleveland—"the most competent" Miss Hall saw anywhere

"How did you get along?"

"We et tight," John allowed.

Can you visualize Thomas Karekin getting his supper at five o'clock, his black-eyed, curly-haired little children gravely lending a hand to the fixing of the gunny sacks on his feet, which are to keep them from freezing in the all-night wait in the fields outside the factory gates. This happened every night for seven weeks until he landed a job at the Ford plant. That was seven years ago, but this year his son froze his legs standing in the same line.

During those seven years, Mr. Karekin can never remember having full-time work the year round. There was always slack in winter, although he is proud never to have lost his badge during the whole period and he had not been off entirely except for two weeks before Christmas each year. But after those two weeks he went back generally to slack work. This year it had been two days a week for so long that at the time of my visit they owed their city tax of $98.01, a state and county tax of $32.50 and an alley tax of $19.75. They owed two gas bills, two electric bills, the insurance was due and they were two months behind in their payments on their house.

There are eight children. The nineteen-year-old daughter is working in a lawyer's office so that between her weekly wages and her father's two days' pay they were able to keep from asking for any outside help, only an extension of credit. "The children all eat like grown-ups now, though," Mr. Karekin said. He was born in this country of Syrian parents. Mrs. Karekin, who was born in Syria, is going to school to learn to read, and her black eyes snapped as she described the school. "Oh, but I like it awful. It's nice to read," she said.

Beside being afraid of losing their house, they were afraid of losing a new stove and two new rugs. The husband explained that he wouldn't have bought them because he "don't like debts" but "Ford he gets a new model out and I think everything will be fine, but it ain't." The stove in question around which they all grouped themselves, was certainly not an extravagance for a family where four adults were able and willing to work. The oldest girl was starting out each morning at five o'clock to look for a job, but she had been doing this for six months since the firm for which she worked closed down. The good-looking eighteen-year-old boy also was going out searching each day; it was six months since he had worked. Mrs. Karekin said, "He don't like to loaf, and it ain't right a young man should. Having nothing in the pocket and loafing, and being young, it ain't good. Trouble comes that way."

THOMAS KAREKIN was working two days a week. In January a statement given out by the Ford Motor Company was to the effect that 36,000 employes were on a part-time basis while 68,000 were working full-time. If that proportion holds, one-third of the factory workers listed as employed this winter in Detroit, were working part-time during some of the months. What does this mean to the worker and to his family? It means almost always that no saving is possible, and generally that debts are being contracted; that the strain of living is intensified to the breaking point; and all of this, we must remember, while they are not officially considered out of work. It means also that when a lay-off comes, as it so often does after a period of part-time work, they have no reserves to tide them over.

If this side of the story had been given the superb publicity which the $5, $6 and $7 a day has had, there would be a better understanding of the situation of the automobile workers. Seven dollars a day two or three times a week, is quite different from what "$7 a day" implies. These representative cases of part-time workers were given me by a responsible social agency (the names, as elsewhere, fictitious):

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Ralph Benda, ten years in the automobile industry. Forty-one years old. His earnings for 1927 were $621.77, for 1928, $708.50 and for 1929, $903.

Benjamin Desuka; at Dodge Brothers for nine years. His yearly income for 1929 was $934.50. He is 33, his wife 30, and they have five small children.

William Powers, 30, two years at the Chevrolet. $1,043.52 earned in 1929. He has seven small children under eleven years of age.

Stanley Kopper, two years with L. A. Young; income for 1929, $702. He is 38 and they have three small children.

John Wilson; earnings for 1927, $346; for 1928, $438, and for 1929, $513.52. This man, laid off by Chrysler after steady employment, has been off and on with both Dodge and Murray Body since. He is 40 and his wife 37. Eight children.

These men are all in the highest wage-earning period of their lives and are equal to sticking to a job and willing to work. Yet they were not able to average enough in a year to support their families in spite of a daily wage which has rung around the world.

Take Frank Rogers, who ran a press for the Kelsey Wheel for twelve years, starting at 20c an hour and getting 65c when he was laid off last June. He is a big red-cheeked man of about fifty who, as he said, always paid the bills on the first of the month, and moved to his present house because there was a bath in it. When he was let go the plant was working two or three days a week. He found it a discouraging struggle to be out of work eight months and was now beginning to get in debt, but because he had always been so steady before, people were willing to trust him a bit longer. He goes in and asks where there is no help wanted. Once he got a job when the sign was down. He said he knows it is discouraging for a firm to see men hanging around, but he goes back every Monday morning to Kelsey's. All they say is, "Keep in touch with us."

The part-time work bears harder if anything on women wage-earners Lucy Lawler is a widow with three children. She was thirty-two her last birthday. She assembles small parts at the Hudson Motors and in a busy season with steady work, gets $28 a week. She was laid off in August and up to January had had nothing since but one day and sometimes one hour a week. One week she was notified to come in. She reported for several days and finally was put to work for half an hour. Her pay for that week was 28c and her carfare 60c.

EVERY day as I went about I was struck with the different slants one gets on the same city. Last year when I visited in Detroit I saw its loveliest things, the magnificent museum, so light and so beautiful; a stained glass Gothic window in a cathedral; the Pewabic Pottery; a charming club at Grosse Point. This year each morning as I came downstairs at the Franklin Street Settlement, I saw people sitting on a little bench in the hall. They were neighbors who had come to ask help in finding jobs.

The headworker of another settlement who came to luncheon told us of two newspaper clippings. The first in a paper in a small southern town, said that Ford was taking on a lot of men. The second, six months later, in a Detroit paper, said that a young man had committed suicide in a rooming-house. John Gage saw the first clipping and started for Detroit. There he found work in the Chrysler plant. This lasted four weeks, but when he was laid off he had saved enough money to carry him until he was taken on again. Then a lay-off came in November which continued till the middle of January. No jobs to be found except an occasional one at shovelling snow and the Detroit Public Welfare does not help single men. Just two weeks before, our luncheon visitor had found some work for him to do around the settlement and told him to come back again if he didn't find an opening. She had no further word from him until neighbors came in to tell her he had shot himself.

Photo by Graphic Arts Studios

THE LINE ON CASS AVENUE, DETROIT

"More of the automobile workers were to be found among the men and women shuffling at the public employment offices and again all of them at one time or another in those lines which run into thousands before the gate of any of the large plants which are hiring help"

We went to a meeting on unemployment in a down-town church which reflected the Detroit I had seen the year before. The rector, a very charming old gentleman, introduced the subject by saying that he "had heard that there was much unemployment in Detroit" and next read President Hoover's statement as to the improvement in conditions. His assistant then took over the meeting with introductory remarks in which he urged that we teach people to spend the $500 they earn in a month carefully, and finished by telling how the "poor we have always with us."

During my stay this year I visited various business organizations. The Detroiter, published by the Detroit Board of Commerce, started its January 6 issue with an article headed, What Is Wrong With This Picture? and

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below was reproduced a graph with factory employment curves from 1919 to 1929. The estimates given me at the Board of Commerce, the Employers' Association of Detroit, and the Michigan State Manufacturers' Association put the peak of such employment for 1929 in Detroit at 450,000 last spring. Before the end of the year it had dropped to 300,000, a shrinkage of 150,000. While the black lines of their charts registered what had happened, there seemed to be no convincing movement under way for ironing out the curves. I was impressed, however, with the progressive viewpoint of John L. Lovett, general manager of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association. He felt that there were employers in Michigan who are ready to take a forward step in the matter of stabilizing employment:

We are working on two plans here, levelled production and labor exchange. A little progress has been made. March, April, May and June are the peak months in sales. Motors can't be stored like shoes. The whole question when it comes to arguing for levelled production is that we must have cars to deliver when the public wants them. In other words, can the buyer be induced to wait a month or more for delivery?

The fact that the Ford Motor Company controls 35 per cent of the automobile output, he said, but is not a party to the planning of the industry as a whole, makes the situation more difficult. From many sides I heard that the Packard Company had done the most to make work steady for their men. But we must leave the office buildings and get back again to the homes of the people if you would understand what this winter has meant to Detroit.

IT seems a far cry from the Ford, Hudson, and Chevrolet motor plants to a steaming dish of yellow peppers which Mrs. Carraro was putting on the table as we entered the little kitchen. Nonetheless, as the three men who were to eat the peppers worked respectively at those three plants, there was quite a close connection between the peppers and the firms. And the scene about the table is as cheerful an introduction as I find to a group of families who have weathered the winter as best they may *on their own*.

The regularity of the peppers depended upon the regularity of work. Mr. Carraro, the father of the family, worked at the Ford plant. He had been laid off for a month, but had gone back that day. He said that in his eight years at Ford's he had never had more than eight months' steady work in a year. Paul, one of the boarders, after a long lay-off, had just had three days' work at the Chevrolet, and he was absorbing his peppers with beaming satisfaction. John, another boarder who was not so cheerful, although an obliging interpreter, had been off for four months from the Hudson plant. In telling us of it he said hopefully that his boss had said maybe he could go back in two weeks. This household of two young children, mother and father, and two boarders, was ambitious and thrifty. The home was tidy and the little girl that came in told us eagerly that she had passed at school.

Anthony Lombardo was still out of work when I called at his home. He came from Italy to America twenty years ago and to Detroit in 1923. The day he arrived he found a job at Ford's, taking it over from a man who quit because he had found lifting girders too hard. He said:

He was the big man with the long neck. Now me, I'm broad and short and it's not so hard for me to stoop down. In Bridgeport where I was the fireman in a hospital for seven years when I putta da coal on the fire sometimes I standa and sometimes I stoop; but when I do this job I never get a look up. I worka six years with this job, but all that time eight months is the longest I ever go steady in one year. For more than one year I only work two or three days a week. Everybody say here, "Why don't you save when you work?" But how can you save when you no work steady? If I could get $5 a day all year, I could put this little pieca for the rent, this pieca for the coal, this pieca for the electric and then maybe I can putta this away for to save and know where I go. But now you work, you make something, you stop. You spend what you got save. You getta the debts. Then you get a job. You pay the debts. You save a little. You stop. And now I stop too long this time.

Photo by Graphic Arts Studios

ONE OF SEVEN DETROIT WELFARE STATIONS
"The only worse thing I've ever seen was the look on the faces of a company of French poilus who had been in the trenches four years"

"Me I don't drink" he added, "I stay home nights with the kids." For shortly after he had come to Detroit, he had married a Scotch woman, Mary Gilly, and her accent mingled sympathetically with his broken English. "It seems like you eat up the money so quick when you're out of work. It's no such a bad matter for the big people, but it is the kiddies that need good food." The children in question, two little girls of three and four, were playing around the washtub in the kitchen. The father looked reflectively at them: "I got only the two kids. I don't lika da big family. I better do the best I can for the two."

It is inherent in most of us to long for a reasonable foothold in life. This quality was intensified in the Buchanan's. They fought for it. They are both twenty-nine and both Scotch, coming to America by way of Canada. They have brought all their native thriftiness to bear on solving the problem of making a home for themselves and their five children, but this last period of idleness has discouraged them. Mrs. Buchanan said with a roll to the r's:

We have struggled for ten years and we are still in deep water. No movies, no fancy clothes, no radio or no fuleishness. Just saving for our house. We lost the house we started to buy once, and it looks as though we were going to lose this one.

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We have paid $800 down on it and bought all our furniture, and are renting it furnished and we wouldn't have any trouble if he were only working. We had $5,000 paid on the last house and then we lost it. He was out of work for six months that time. This time he has been out seven weeks so far. Perhaps I shouldn't set such store by having a home of our own. . . . It's the insecurity that kills you, not the work or the saving.

George Wayne and Charles Perry are in their late twenties. They live in a shabby old rooming-house where one and two rooms are called apartments. If tidiness and a carefully thought-out arrangement of the ice box and the bed can make one room an apartment, Mrs. Perry's room should certainly be called one. Mr. Perry is the sort of person you feel that employment managers long for—young, but not too young; married, but not enough children to keep his mind from his work, just two; tall, neat and strong and obviously American in both looks and accent. And yet with all this, Charles Perry had been out of work since September when he was let off at the Chrysler plant. Originally the thought of better pay had lured him from the repair shop of a bakery where he had worked for two years. He says he ought to have had sense enough to stay where his work was steady. But even that bakery had laid off most of its men this winter because the restaurants which they supplied with bread were going out of business. These served the people who worked for the automobile firms and they had lost their customers. He had had one week's work in four months, and that was with the city, procured through the City Welfare Department where he went to ask for work. He had not asked for relief because the wife started to work with a firm which supplies wind-shields for Ford cars. She was working very irregularly, sometimes only two hours a day, but it had meant food so far. Both of these young people were resentful and bewildered by their plight.

The Waynes, who live across the hall, chafe too under the breaking up of their plans. They are a particularly ambitious couple and have tried over and over to get a little place of their own, but have always had to spend their savings in times of idleness. Mrs. Wayne says, "It don't take long for rent to take a bank-roll down." They have one little boy of four and the wife first started to work when her husband was laid off in 1927. She says she remembers it because the night she followed up the advertisement it was below zero. It was two weeks night work and one week day. She had to give it up, shortly, because she was ill, and fortunately her husband went back to work. But when she was well she decided to go to work again so that they could start to save once more. They had just come to the point where they had caught up, had money laid aside, and she could stop working when he was laid off again this season. There had been but two or three days work a week for two months, and then for three months no earning at all. Again their savings went, even though the wife kept on working. What she earned wasn't enough to keep them, it was so irregular. "The trouble is you just can't plan ahead," she said.

MARTHA and Tiburnias Sidlick depend on the Ford for more than a summer vacation. Martha is eighteen and Tiburnias, her husband, is twenty-five. Martha is blonde and blue-eyed and engaging. Her family immigrated from Hungary before she was born and she has a great feeling for American citizenship. She is proud of being an American by birth, and proud too that her husband, who came here as a child from Rumania, grew up to be a citizen.

He is small and dark and eager. For six years, he had worked at the Ford plant and had saved very steadily, but much of his savings had gone to help his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He had $150 at the time of his lay-off last September but these savings, Martha told me, went "awful quick." Although they were expecting a baby in February, she herself started out to find work. She went down town almost every day for two months until, as she put it, one of the department stores was so tired of seeing her that they took her on in December at $14.00 a week. She was able to pay $5.00 down on the rent and give a little to the grocer and something to the others she owed. "It shows them you mean to pay," she explained. At the end of two weeks, the store let her off. This holiday season was one of the worst Detroit has ever known, and the forewoman told her they must give someone else the chance.

Now all this time, October, November, December, January, Tiburnias went out every day looking for work. Once he too found a job at $14.00 a week with an electric company which supplies materials to the Ford plants, but this company closed down a fortnight later. Then he tried to sell vacuum cleaners, but people didn't seem to be putting money into vacuum cleaners this winter. One day he got a job shoveling snow. Looking for work was kind of expensive, Martha said, because it took six cents here and six cents there, or else he walked and then if he walked all day without lunch, he felt pretty sick when he came home.

One day in late January, Martha screwed up her courage and wrote to the Ford office and told them her story; that her baby was coming soon and how much her husband needed

(*Continued on page* 51)

Drawing by Käthe Kollwitz

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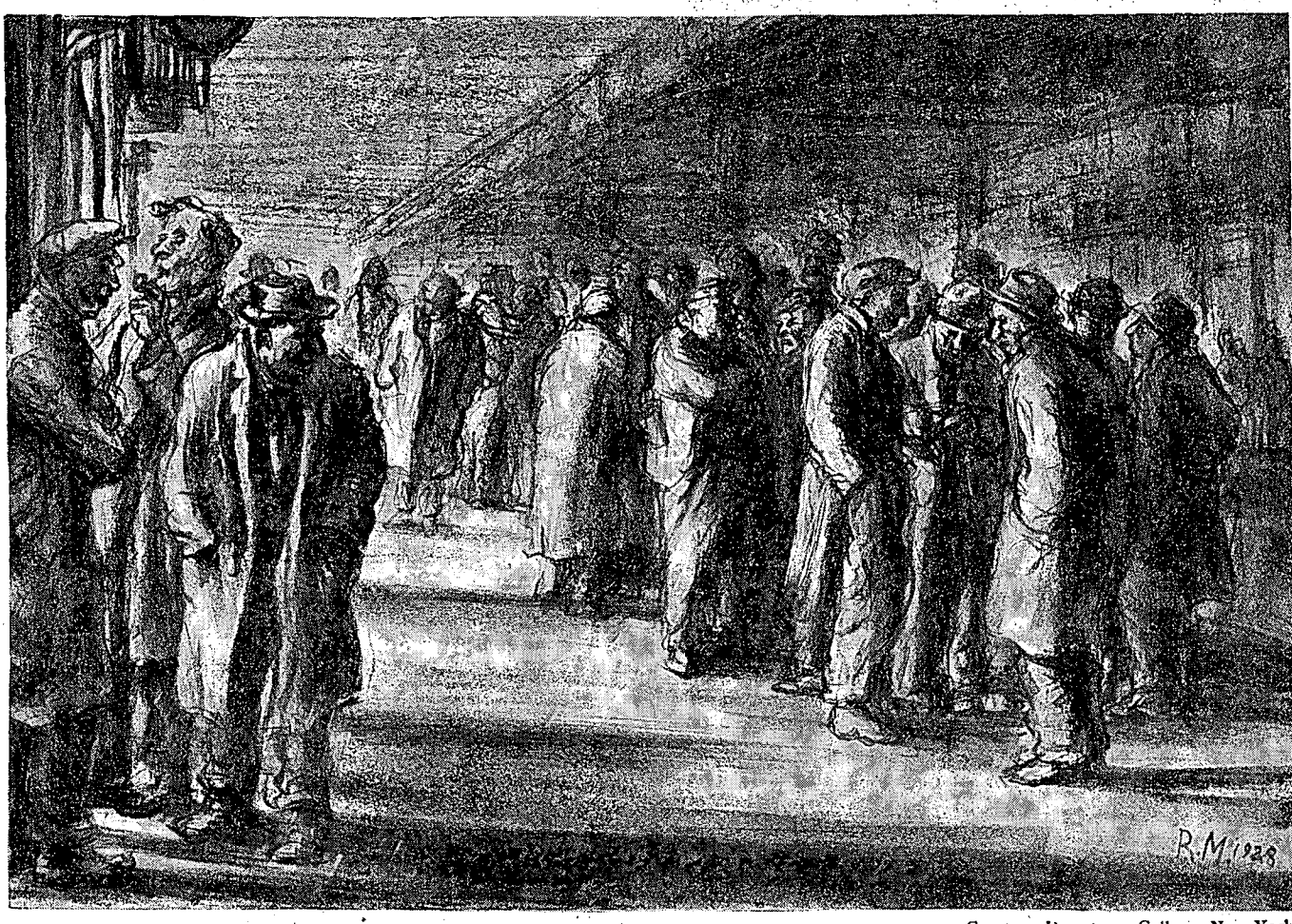

Courtesy Downtown Gallery, New York

The Bowery — *Lithograph by Reginald Marsh*

New Faces on the Bowery

REGINALD MARSH'S lithograph might have been done March 3, 1930, that wintry day when the photographs of the bread lines on the following pages were taken. On the right side of the Bowery, homeless, jobless men stood in the sunshine. Down the colder left side fifty or sixty were gathered at a time about bonfires. In doorways habitués of the Bowery were exchanging caps or whispering in drunken solemnity. An old man hurried past eying a few coins in his hand. Another dashed to the gutter to salvage a butt. This was the Bowery, as usual.

With a difference. As Ernest Poole had pointed out, there were many young men, still clean, still not too pasty of face, among the old-timers. If the majority were unskilled, had no recommendations, they had youth and strength, or had strength some months back. You could see them in the breadline which stretched three abreast from the Hadley Rescue Hall to the end of the block; in the single line formed on Second Street for the Holy Name Mission, and packed so tight that men held on to the elbows ahead to keep on their feet. The superintendent of the Municipal Lodging House, which has used a barge as an overflow shelter for the first time since 1915, reported that several thousand men of a type he had never had before had come this winter for free lodgings.

During the day men crowded into the windowless rear rooms of the missions; in the dark hallway of the Salvation Army hotel hundreds stood packed like a subway crowd. Mostly these were white Americans, from all over the country. "They read in the papers about great projects in New York," explained the manager of the Bowery Mission, "and come here when they are out of work in a smaller town."

The Bowery Y.M.C.A. is the refuge of the young men, 18 to 25, who are temporarily down. They keep 195 beds to rent on credit. At present they can get jobs for only two or three a day where ten to fifteen new young men come in. They were able to find only 80 places for the 281 applicants in February. At the end of the month they served 12,000 five-cent meals in one day in their cafeteria—a great bowl of soup or coffee and three slices of bread. Many men are sent by the Salvation Army Bowery branch, which in the last four days of February had given out more than seven thousand five-cent meal tickets. "It hasn't been like this with us since 1921," said one of the Army officers. He picked up a handful of applicants' cards and read the birth years as they came: 1895, 1903, 1900, an occasional 1880 or 1878. "Some of them are new to this sort of thing." Although there are beds for 600 in the Army hotel, 400 men at a time have been spending the night in their chapel.

None of the cheering billboards, "Business is good—Keep it good," appeared on the Bowery. Only plenty of evidence that someone hadn't believed in signs.—F. L. K.

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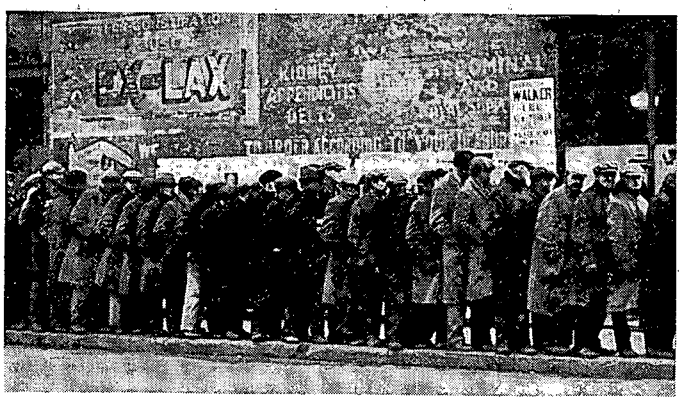

Four photos by Paul Parker

These four photographs of men, young and old, in the Bowery breadlines were taken March 3. Below, a photograph taken in February at the Greater New York Gospel Mission, during a free meal of cereal, milk, bread and coffee. On the lower right, the dormitory of the same mission, with the watchman in the center to keep order among the guests.

Young faces on the Bowery

Photo by Ewing Galloway

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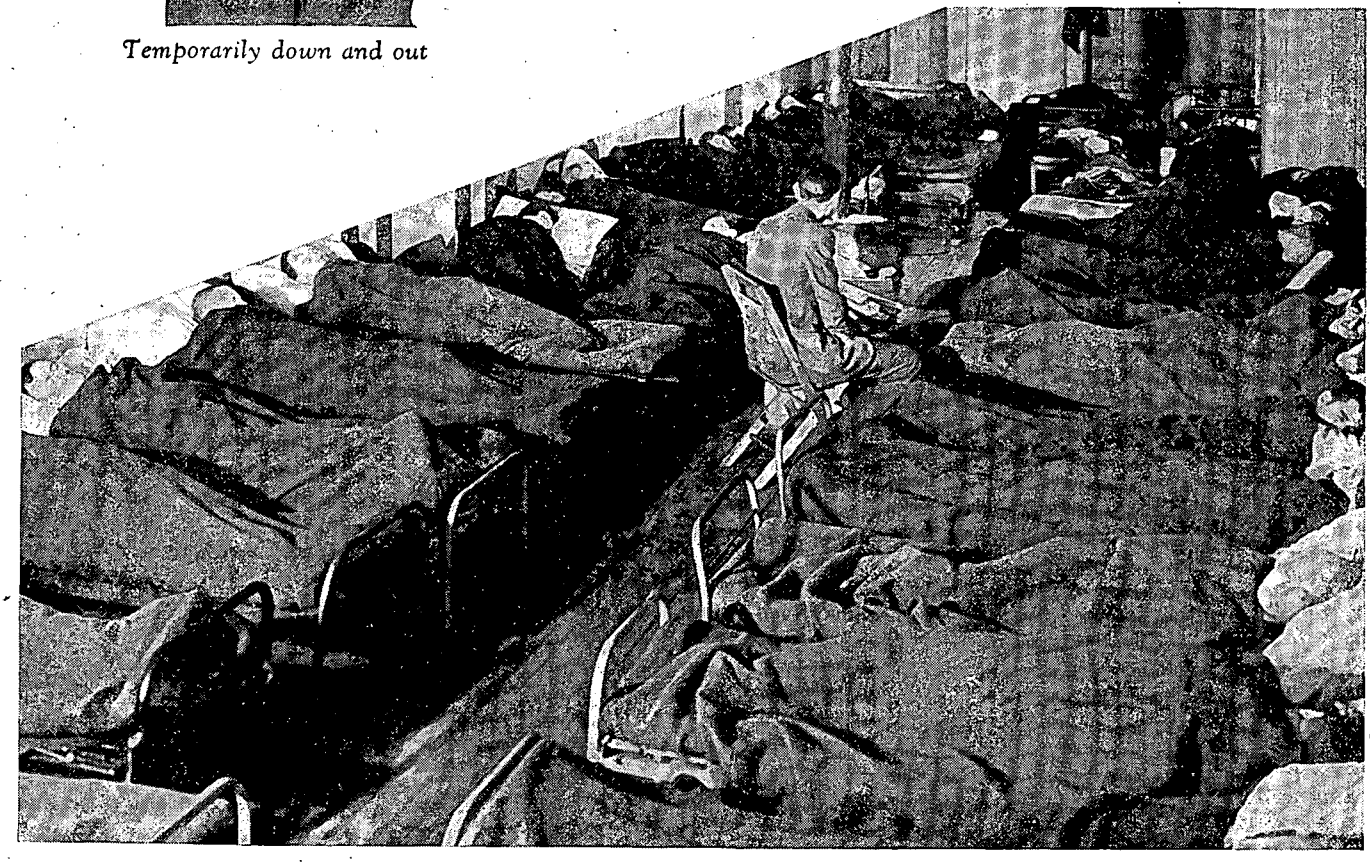
Index of the country's unemployment is the Bowery, where a man low in funds can live for a dollar a day; where, if he has no money, the relief agencies provide slender meals and some sort of shelter as long as they can. "What else can we do?" asked a Salvation Army adjutant. "We can't find jobs enough, and when a man hasn't eaten for several days, he can't last."

Temporarily down and out

Photo by Ewing Galloway



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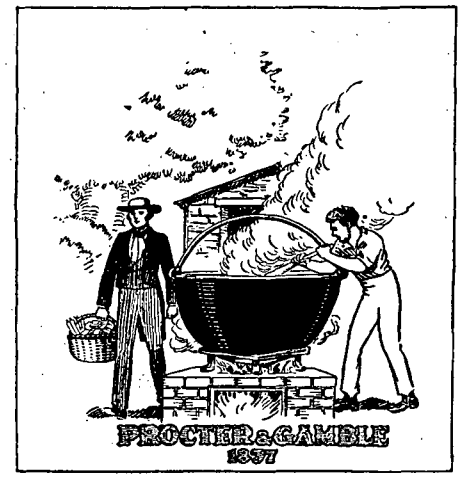
Ivorydale

A Payroll That Floats

By BEULAH AMIDON



It was a home industry at first

"JUST think of those people out at that plant! They got their jobs right around the year. They don't have to worry and they don't have to be afraid."

A girl, white-faced and drooping with hunger, who had gone from one Cincinnati factory to another looking for work since early November, first showed me what the Procter and Gamble plan of guaranteed employment really means. She was a widow with two little children. After her husband's death she took a factory job and "managed to get by" on her wages of eighteen to twenty-three dollars a week. It was the first day of my visit to Cincinnati—an early January day of wind and sleet—that she told me desperately, "I can't find a thing to do except a little by the hour now and then. Things are awful bad." The factory where she had been employed for more than a year had been hard hit by the depression experienced by most makers of luxuries following the stock market crash in October. She and more than a thousand of her fellow workers had been dropped without notice. "It's fierce working for a hardboiled bunch like that," she told me. "They never let a nut or a screw get away from them, but they don't care a whistle for their people. 'We don't need you no more today,' and out you go. Say, if I could once get on out at Ivorydale—do you know what Procter and Gamble do? They guarantee their people so much work every year, forty-eight weeks of work, guaranteed to them in writing. Seems like I'd be willing to turn back half my wages to them for a year, just to get on there. If it's only ten dollars a week, you're better off knowing you're getting it than when you have twenty-one a week and then not a cent for three months." It was then she said, "Just think of the people out at that plant! They got their jobs right around the year. They don't have to worry and they don't have to be afraid. What do you think—don't it seem like if one company could do it some of the others could?"

It was against a background of "hard times" and unemployment that I first visited Ivorydale where, in spite of "the general slump" and "the slow season" the wheels continued to turn smoothly and regularly.

Cincinnati is a city of diversified industries. It is no longer the "Porkopolis" of fifty years ago—Chicago is now the pork-packing center for the country. Most of its boot-and-shoe industry has gone to St. Louis, and its famous carriage makers have had to turn their skill and capital to other uses. But the city has made a reasonably successful transition from the old times to the new, substituting machine tools, soap and clothing manufacture for its major industries of early days. And yet, beginning in November, Cincinnati's employment curve, like that of so many other American cities, took a sharp turn downward, in response to the Wall Street break, and in January, there was a mounting number of jobless industrial workers in the Cincinnati area.

Before I went out to Ivorydale, I had seen the overworked employment offices, the crowded rooms of the relief agencies, the anxious queues of men at several factory gates. I had had the "hard times" dramatized for me by one of those vivid personal encounters that are more revealing than pages of careful statistics or description. I could not forget that fear-haunted girl as I talked with the Procter and Gamble employes she envied. Yet ten years ago this story could not have been written. The people out at Ivorydale would have been in the same fix as the general run of Cincinnati workers, Ohio workers, American workers. In the depression of 1920, employment at Ivorydale fluctuated from 2,848 to 1,832, a difference of 1,014 in the year's enrollment; in 1929, employment at Ivorydale fluctuated from 2,652 to 2,484, a difference of 168. As I talked with the employes—in the plant, in their homes, in their lunchroom, going back and forth from my hotel to Ivorydale, I came to understand, in some degree, why that jobless girl spoke with such longing of the kind of security enlightened management has made possible for this fortunate group of wage earners.

Regularization of production and of employment was faced and solved by Procter and Gamble as a management problem. Soap is not a "luxury commodity," and the demand for it is fairly steady. Until comparatively recently, however, production at Ivorydale, and hence employment, fluctuated widely, between intense activity and complete shut-

"We've forgotten what it feels like to be afraid," said a Procter and Gamble employe in January, when millions of other industrial workers were living under the poised knife of unemployment. This statement represents the feelings of more than 10,000 *wage-earners in the world's largest soap-making organization. The guaranteed working year was established in* 1923 *and has been steadily maintained under the leadership of William Cooper Procter, who says, "It has paid—in dollars and cents, and in the big values." Miss Amidon's article tells how it has paid—management, stockholders, workers and community alike.*

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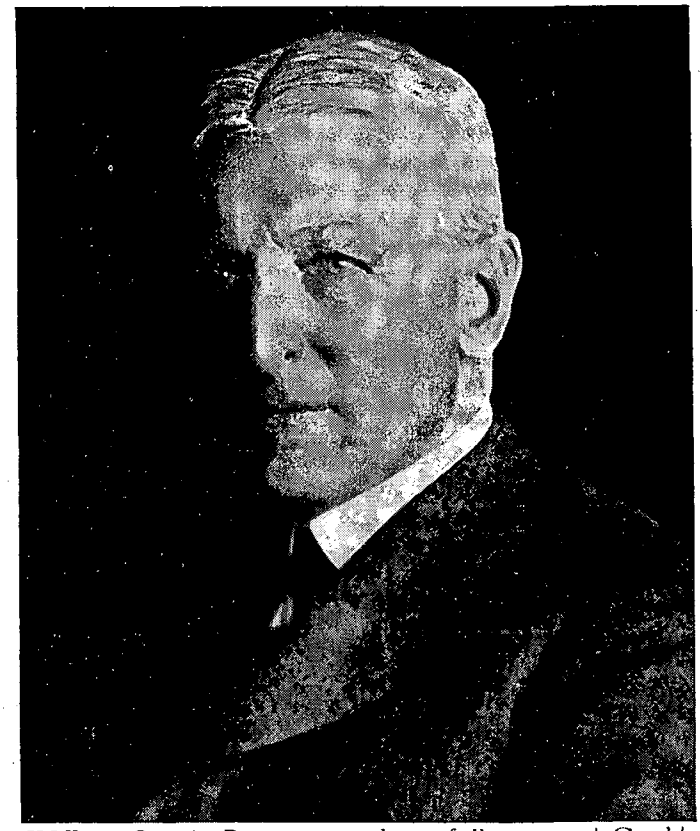
down. The reason lay with the market fluctuation in the price of raw materials, jobbers rushing to place orders when the market was down, and withholding orders when the market went up. "There was plenty to worry about in the old days," one man told me, "One month everybody on part time, and the next month almost dead with overtime, trying to catch up with the orders." The Procter and Gamble problem was, therefore, a problem of distribution, of straightening out the buying curve to insure a steady flow of orders into the plant. They met it by taking over the jobber's function, and selling direct to the dealers. This eliminated the fluctuating and frequently speculative purchases of wholesalers, which caused the hills and valleys in the production curve. The company is, of course, fortunate in being a manufacturer of products that are in daily use, the consumption of which shows no great variation from month to month. The management can, therefore, lay out a production schedule a full year in advance, making allowances for increased consumption due to increased population, and the probable growth of the business through a vigorous advertising and selling program.

FOR the producer to take over this distribution function meant working out a new and complex business system. It meant increased storage and transportation facilities, organizing and training a new type of sales force, large-scale experiment and the risk of large-scale failure. "If I said it cost us over two million dollars to work out this plan, it would probably be an understatement," I was told by Lee J. Zoeller, the personnel manager for the firm to whom, possibly more than to anyone else has been entrusted the administration of the plan as it affects the welfare of the employes and their families. Mr. Zoeller had to leave school as a boy of fifteen and take a job. His highschool education was obtained at night school. Some time later he was able to take three years toward a medical degree. He knows at first hand the problems and viewpoints of the wage earner. His skill in dealing with them rests on this experience and on that respect for human beings and the intuitive understanding of them which the professional training of physician or personnel manager can supplement, but for which it is never a successful substitute.

So far it has never been necessary to tide a worker over a lay-off. As A. A. Siereveld, head of the service department for the Ivorydale plant explained, "The workers know that, in slack times, they may be shifted off their regular jobs and put on something else, often a much less skilled and less congenial job. But they draw their usual wages during these temporary transfers, and they are quite willing to make such shifts in time of need. If we have no work for an employe who is under our guarantee, we stand ready, of course, to pay his wages while he is laid off. But in the six years the plan has been in operation, we have never had to do this."

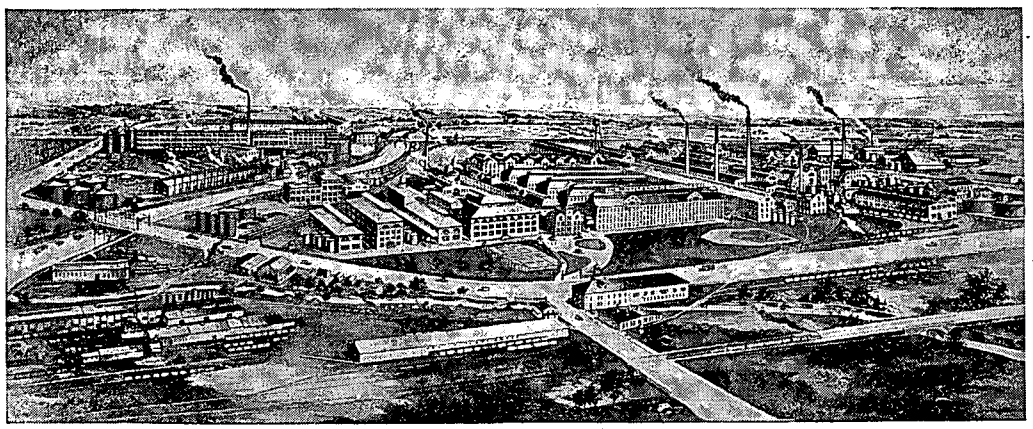


William Cooper Procter, president of Procter and Gamble

"How does it happen," I asked him, "that Procter and Gamble has gone so far ahead of most firms in giving security to its workers?"

"I guess Colonel Procter is the person to answer that," Mr. Siereveld answered, with a smile.

And it was the first question I asked Colonel Procter, when I went to see him one day in his office in the tower of the Gwynne Building, high above the city's clamor. It is a strange room for a business executive. It might almost be the study of an Anglican bishop, with the soft light that streams through its amber windows, its fine old desk and table of carved Tudor oak, its high-backed chairs and deep rugs. And Colonel Procter somehow fits into that picture. His face reflects the curious blending of executive power and high idealism that, in the end, explains what he has done. He is a tall, strongly built man, in spite of his sixty-seven years. They tell you in Cincinnati amazing stories of his physical energy and endurance, from his athletic student days at Princeton to the long tramps and the hunting trips on which he often tires out companions thirty years his



Ivorydale, where more than 3,000 workers are guaranteed 48 weeks work each year

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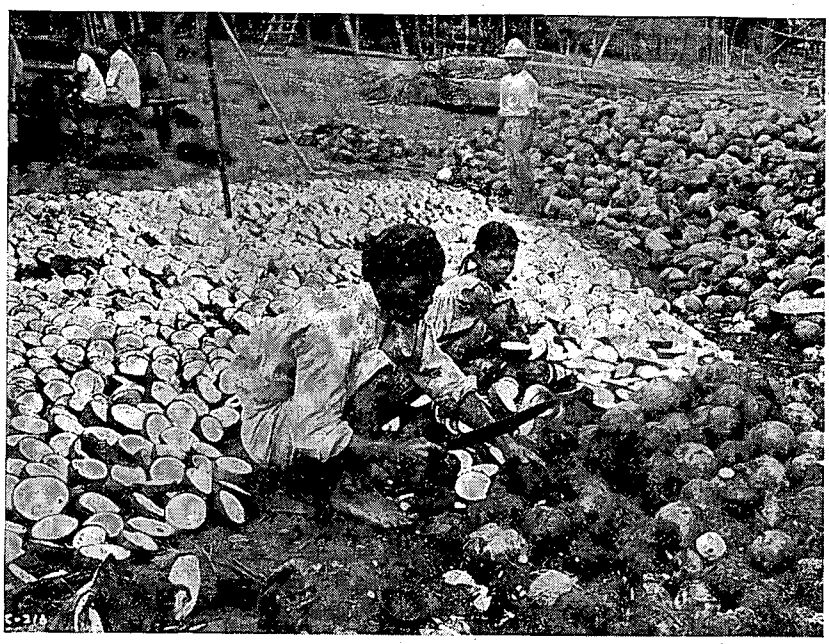
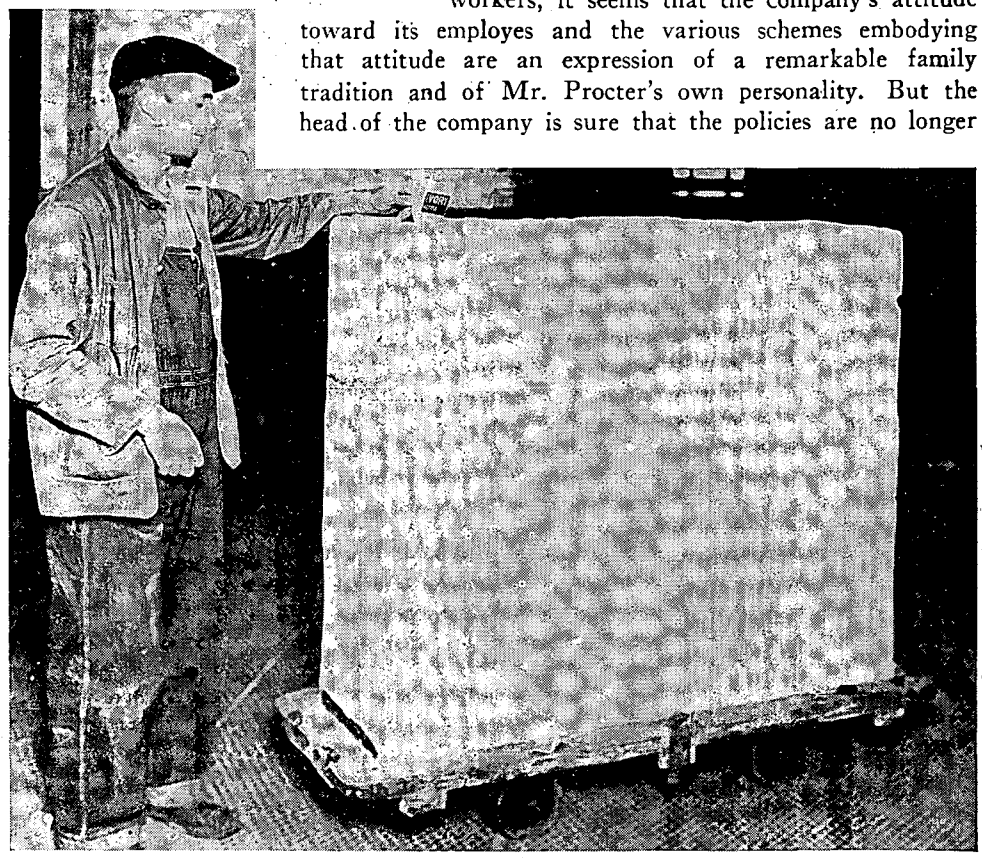
junior. It is interesting to see in him how the English breeding has held—the reticence, the crisp realism, the lack of sentimentality, the quiet courtesy, even the low, clipped speech. He seemed to this visitor, at least, much more the cultured English squire than the American business man. He smiled at my question, a deprecating little smile that is, apparently, characteristic with him. He said:



Dried cocoanut from the tropics yields the fats for giant cakes of soap in the hardening room at the Ivorydale plant



It's so simple it's really stupid. We went at unemployment, you know, from the workers' point of view. Sometimes it seems as though you get farther if you go at it that way than any other way. And it's all so simple—there's so much soap needed every year. Well, then, why not make one-twelfth of that every month? And then you can shovel off the peaks of your employment, and fill up the valleys. Now, isn't that stupid? And it has paid, better than any other labor thing we ever did. Paid from our point of view, I mean—paid in dollars and cents. We can't tell you in exact figures, but we know it has paid. But those aren't the big values. The big value is not having on your conscience the chap who wants to work and can't find a job. That is what no business can afford.

Colonel Procter insists that "While the value to the company of conducting its operations in the manner it does is beyond question, I have no doubt that none of these measures separately, or all of them combined, would pay if inaugurated for the purpose of making profit out of them rather than the higher motive of right-dealing with its workers" (See The Survey, April 1, 1929, page 47). The imagination that can translate this "motive of right-dealing" into such direct and far-reaching applications as the Procter and Gamble profit-sharing plan and employment guarantee seems to have characterized the firm throughout its history.

Nearly a hundred years ago a young English draper, William A. Procter, suffered business reverses and came to the "new world" to make a fresh start. He finally set himself up as a soap maker in Cincinnati, and married the sister of a Mrs. Gamble, whose husband made and sold candles. The father-in-law of the two young men suggested that, since they used the same raw materials, they go into partnership together. It was a home industry at first—kettles of fat rendered over a fire in the yard and boiled on the kitchen stove, candles molded and soap hardened in the "shed." But the business prospered from the beginning, and a "works" was soon built. The present William Procter is the grandson of the first partner in the business, and the son of the first Gamble, at ninety-two, is still a member of the board of directors. There is now no other Gamble active in the business, and Mr. Procter is the last of his line. To the visitor, today, as well as to many of the workers, it seems that the company's attitude toward its employes and the various schemes embodying that attitude are an expression of a remarkable family tradition and of Mr. Procter's own personality. But the head of the company is sure that the policies are no longer dependent on individual principles or abilities and that they will go forward uninterruptedly.

It is a long, long step from the little home industry in the pushing frontier city to the Ivorydale of today. It is the parent plant of the company, but it is now only one manufacturing unit of many located at strategic points in the United States and Canada. Several brands of soap are produced of which Ivory is, perhaps, the best known. Various edible products, such as Crisco, salad oil, and so on, take

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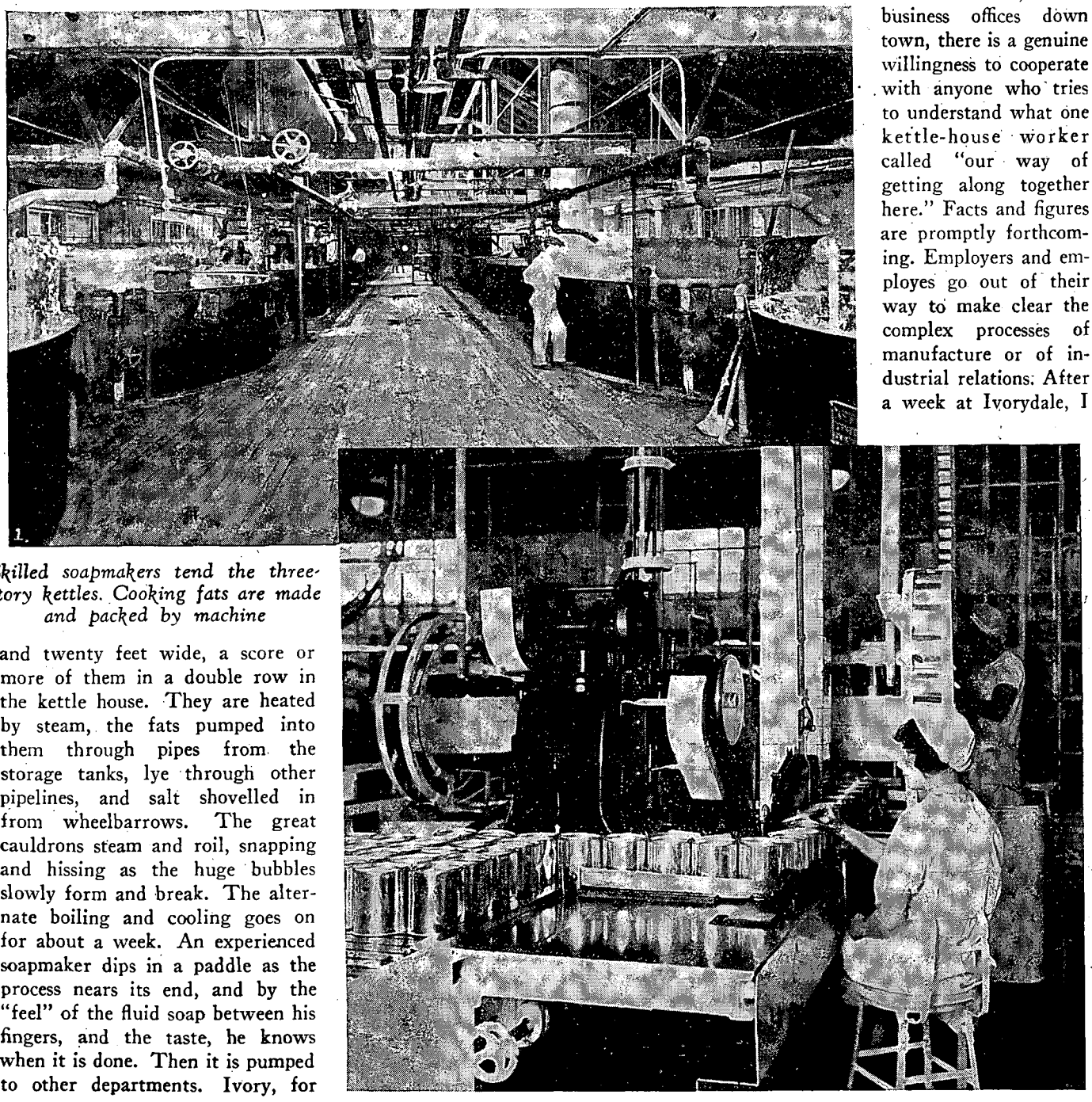
the place of the candles of the original partnership. There is a long line of subsidiary products, more than a hundred of them. Instead of the unpleasant odds and ends out of which soap (and candles) were made, ninety years ago, the raw materials of present day soap manufacture are as carefully selected and handled as the raw materials for food. The one part of the plant, they tell you with regret, which is still irregular is the copra mill, where dried cocoanut from the tropics is ground and pressed. The copra is brought by tramp steamers—from the Philippines and from other remote islands of the Pacific. There is, apparently, no way of controlling the irregular comings and goings of these ships and hence no way of regulating the flow of this raw material. It is often necessary, therefore, to take on temporary unskilled labor at the mill for an emergency, and to lay off these workers when the supply of copra gives out.

The great soap kettles of today stand three stories high and twenty feet wide, a score or more of them in a double row in the kettle house. They are heated by steam, the fats pumped into them through pipes from the storage tanks, lye through other pipelines, and salt shovelled in from wheelbarrows. The great cauldrons steam and roil, snapping and hissing as the huge bubbles slowly form and break. The alternate boiling and cooling goes on for about a week. An experienced soapmaker dips in a paddle as the process nears its end, and by the "feel" of the fluid soap between his fingers, and the taste, he knows when it is done. Then it is pumped to other departments. Ivory, for instance, goes to the "crutcher house" where it is whipped until it is smooth and creamy. It is then poured into molds and left to stand in giant cakes in the hardening room, after which it is cut, stamped, wrapped, packed by intricate machines and swift-handed workers. Each kettle at each boiling produces about 200,000 pounds of soap.

When the partnership began there was only one type of soap on the market, a medium-hard yellowish product, sold to the storekeeper in big round cakes, like a cheese, from which he cut pieces to the order of his customers and sold them by the pound. P and G Naphtha is the direct descendant of this soap of our grandmothers, greatly refined and more conveniently marketed. Ivory, a research product, worked out in response to a demand for pure, white soap, was first put on the market in 1879, when the sons of the founders were at the head of the business.

Throughout the plant, in the administration offices, in the laboratories, in the business offices down town, there is a genuine willingness to cooperate with anyone who tries to understand what one kettle-house worker called "our way of getting along together here." Facts and figures are promptly forthcoming. Employers and employes go out of their way to make clear the complex processes of manufacture or of industrial relations. After a week at Ivorydale, I



Skilled soapmakers tend the three-story kettles. Cooking fats are made and packed by machine

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had a long talk with an important labor leader in Cincinnati.

"The Procter and Gamble situation seems too good to be true," I said to this man, "I keep looking for the catch."

"You won't find it," he answered promptly.

It is pretty nearly ideal. The people who criticize Procter and Gamble—and you hear them—seldom have any first hand knowledge of what goes on out there at Ivorydale. Of course Cincinnati is an open shop town. Some unions feel that Procter and Gamble have helped keep it so. I've looked into the matter pretty thoroughly. I can't find any record of anti-union activity on the part of Procter and Gamble and, so far as I can learn, no union member is discriminated against out there. It's true they are an open shop concern. On the other hand, they've gone farther in civilized industrial relations than any union today would ever dream of asking any employer to go.

The picture of industrial relations at Ivorydale is by no means a simple one. "You must realize that our employment guarantee is only one phase of a much more complete plan," I was reminded by Mr. Zoeller. One of the workers said the same thing, in another way:

"STEADY work is just one part of it, but of course it all turns on that. Because if you haven't got your job, what's the good of a pension or a sick benefit or a stock buying plan or profit sharing or anything else? First of all, you got to have your work and your wages. And after that, you can make some use of all the other things we got here at Procter and Gamble's."

The rounded plan to which these representatives of management and of the workers both referred has been a matter of slow growth. Since 1837, when William Procter and James Gamble set themselves up as "Soap and Candle Manufacturers," the firm has given steady and intelligent consideration to the well-being of its employes. And now, when the little home manufactory has become a great corporation, with capital of nearly $40,000,000 and gross sales last year of over $200,000,000, with its raw materials gathered from the ends of the earth and its own distribution system, Procter and Gamble has successfully translated the personal interest of the old-time employer in his workers into a carefully articulated plan for giving employes a share in management and in profits. Those who invest their lives in the enterprise enjoy the same security as those who invest their capital.

PROCTER AND GAMBLE employes have: a guarantee of forty-eight weeks work a year, "less only time lost by reason of the customary holiday closings, or through fire, flood, strike or other extreme emergency"; a liberal scheme of sickness insurance and old-age pension; opportunity to share in the company's profits through stock purchase and "profit-sharing dividends." Active safety programs are always in effect, and the company's compensation schedule is in every case more liberal than is necessary under state law. These opportunities are open to all employes whose incomes are less than $2,000 a year and who have been with the company six months or longer. To come under the employment guarantee, however, the worker must first enroll himself in the profit-sharing plan. The employment guarantee went into effect in 1923, but Procter and Gamble has had some form of profit sharing for forty years.

Under the present plan, any worker in the designated wage group may subscribe for an amount of stock equal to his annual wage. This the company buys for him at the market price. The employe pays five per cent of his weekly wage toward the purchase price of the stock. He is helped in his stock purchase by "profit-sharing dividends" which from the time he enters this plan the company pays on the worker's salary or wages at the rate of twelve and a half per cent annually. The employe is charged interest at the rate of four per cent a year on the unpaid amount of his stock subscription, which is offset by stock dividends on his holdings. As soon as his stock is paid for, the worker of course owns it outright, and thereafter receives his stock dividends and also his profit-sharing dividends in cash. He may subscribe for more stock, if he so desires. He has the advantage of any increment in the stock value. He is guaranteed against loss in value, should he desire to sell his stock at a time when it is quoted under the price at which he bought it. He may withdraw from the plan, if he wishes, before his stock is paid for, in which case he receives whatever he himself has paid toward his stock purchase, with interest at six per cent. About ninety per cent of the Ivorydale employes eligible for the profit-sharing plan have come under it.

I asked a machinist, a highly skilled worker, why this figure is not a hundred per cent.

"The company could make it a hundred if they worked that way," he replied. "Lots of people think it ought to be compulsory. But one of the things a lot of us like about Procter's is that they don't work that way. Profit sharing has never been compulsory here. And it shouldn't be. In the end, it's a man's own business whether he wants to save or not, whether he wants to own his own home, and all that. And the company respects his right to decide for himself."

"BUT why don't they come under the plan, that ten per cent that aren't participating? There seems to be everything in favor of it, and nothing against it."

"Different reasons. Some of them are suspicious—they've worked for the usual kind of bosses, and they can't believe the company means what they say. Sometimes they're afraid—they've always lived hand to mouth and they don't dare risk tying up even two dollars a week out of their wages. And then I wonder if you'd know what I mean if I said folks need to be bred? Some people just don't know the best of anything. Everything about them is cheap, and that includes the way they look at life and what they're working for."

This man was "with the railroad" for ten years before he came to Procter and Gamble.

And I didn't have a thin dime when I quit. Most workers live so close to their wages they don't have fifty cents a week extra to be sure of. I been here eleven years now. I never had big wages—not as much as I got before, looked at one way. But there was this system for saving, and the last six years, I've had steady work guaranteed me. Well, I've got my house more than half clear. I've got five thousand dollars worth of stock, and a good part of that is paid for. I've got my two boys in high school and my girl will be in high school in another year. My wife and I see our way to putting all three of them through the university if they want it. Now, I don't know how you look at that. I don't know how much you know about wage-earners' lives. But I'm telling you I don't know another firm anywhere that would make it possible for a man like me to get on like that, him and his family. The wife was saying just the other night—we've forgotten what it feels like to be afraid.

(*Continued on page* 56)

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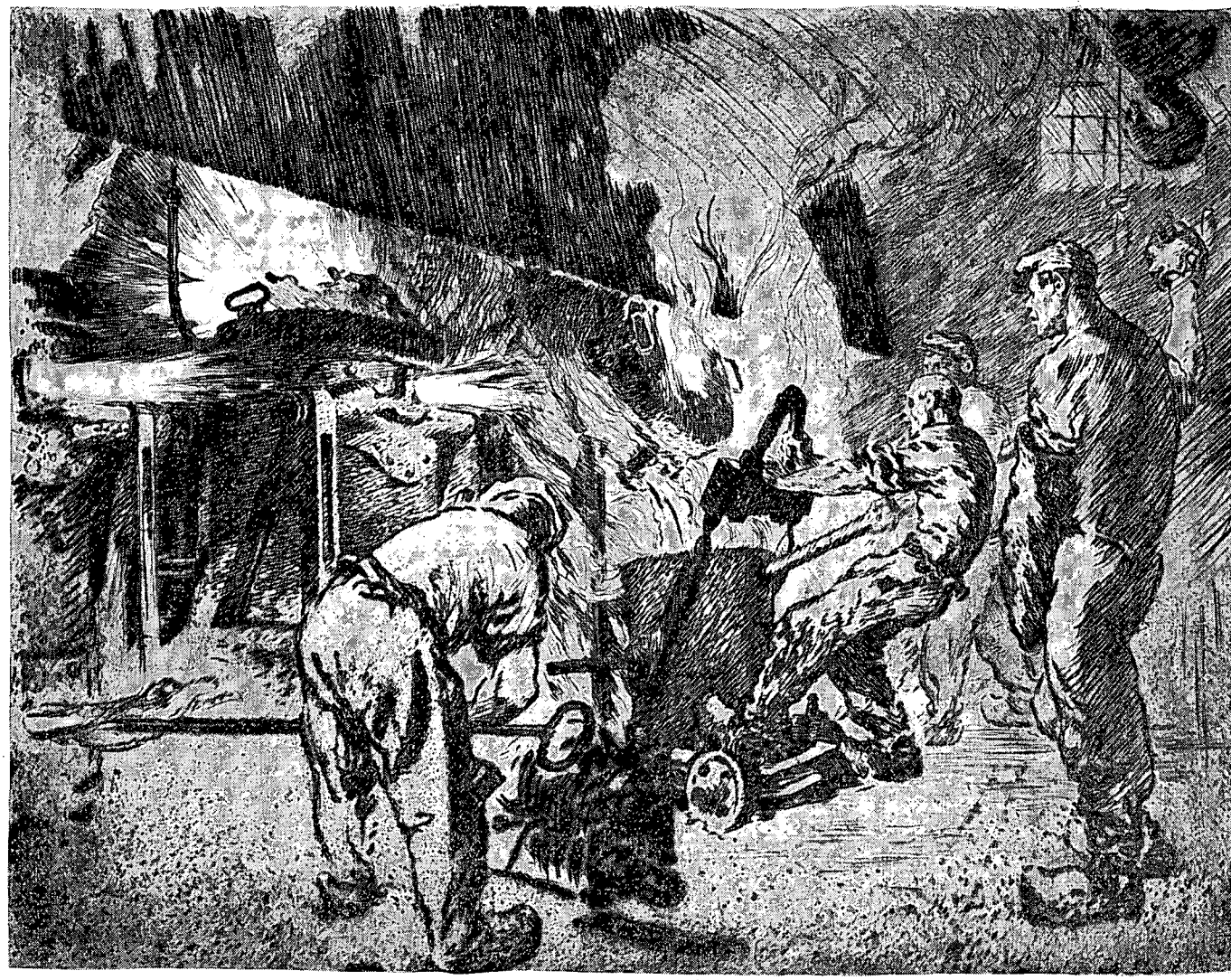

Courtesy Amsler & Ruthardt, Berlin

THE BRASS SMELTER

Work and Power

Five Etchings by Hanns Anker

IN Europe more than in America, artists have portrayed the man and the job rather than tiny human shapes overtopped by the leviathans of technical achievement. Even now, when the social subject in art is out of the mode for the moment, the graphic artist of Germany can still be counted on for an interest in human beings. These etchings, from a portfolio of ten made in 1923, are German. The sketches were made in the Berlin works of Siemens-Schuckert, the pioneer electrical company whose steady growth during the years of reconstruction has been accompanied by a detailed welfare program which is perhaps most widely known for its employment of blind workers and war cripples. None of the welfare work is represented in these etchings; they are all downright industrial scenes. And yet, since in them the human factor dominates the setting, perhaps this can be attributed in part to the attitude of the concern as well as to the slant of the artist. These people are seen at work; they chatter and joke over their jobs. The furnaces are just as hot, the cables just as heavy, the machines just as noisy as in other plants, but one gets an impression from Herr Anker of human control that relegates these things to their places.

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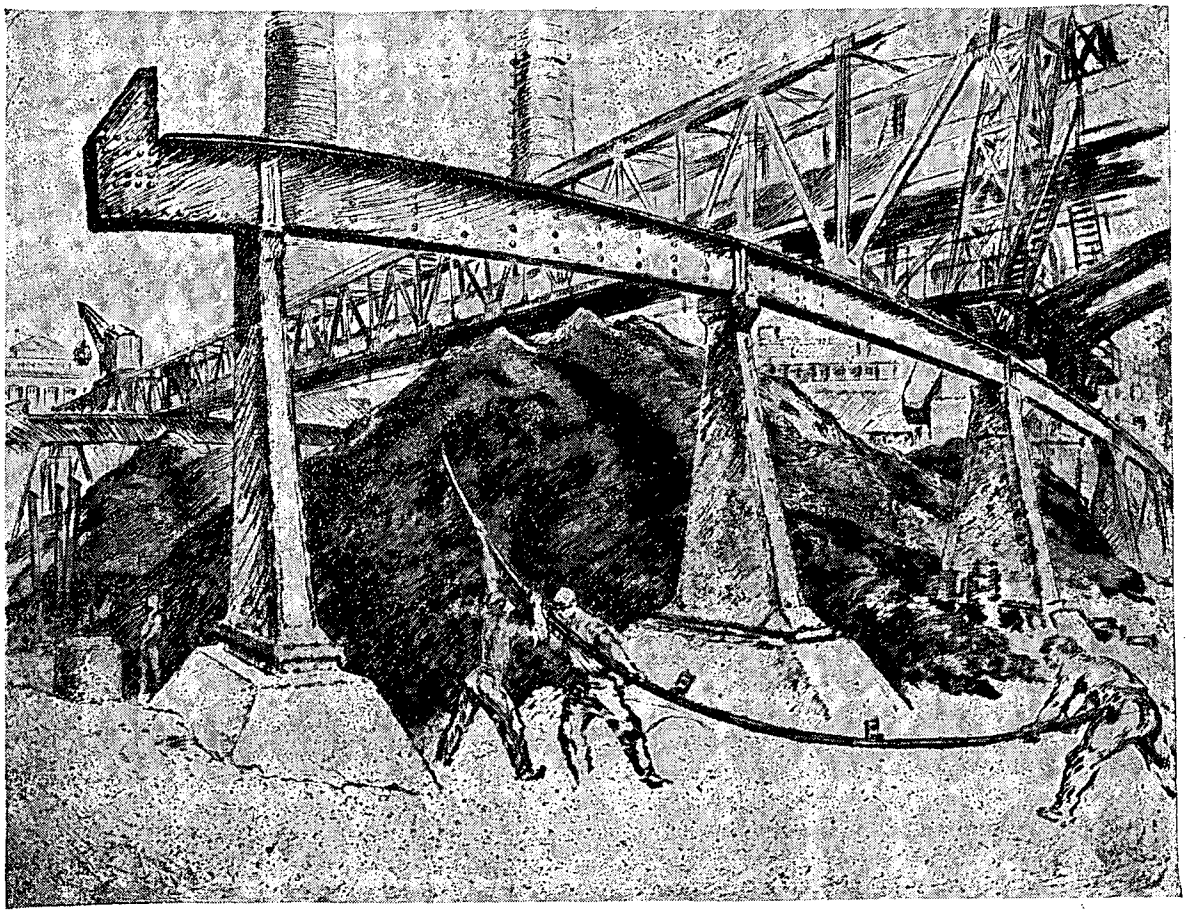
Emptying the liquid brass



In the yards: Coal heaps with electric travelling crane

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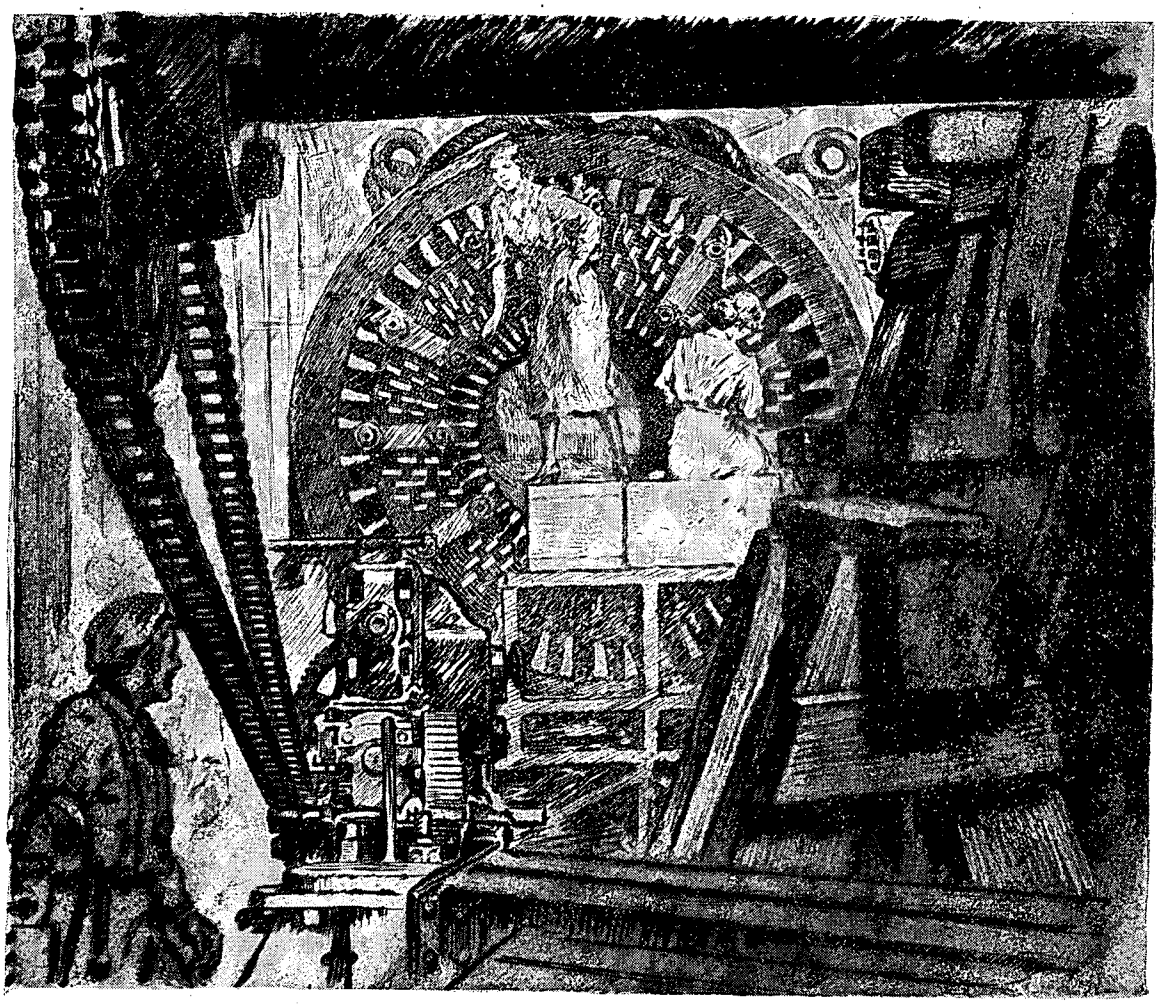
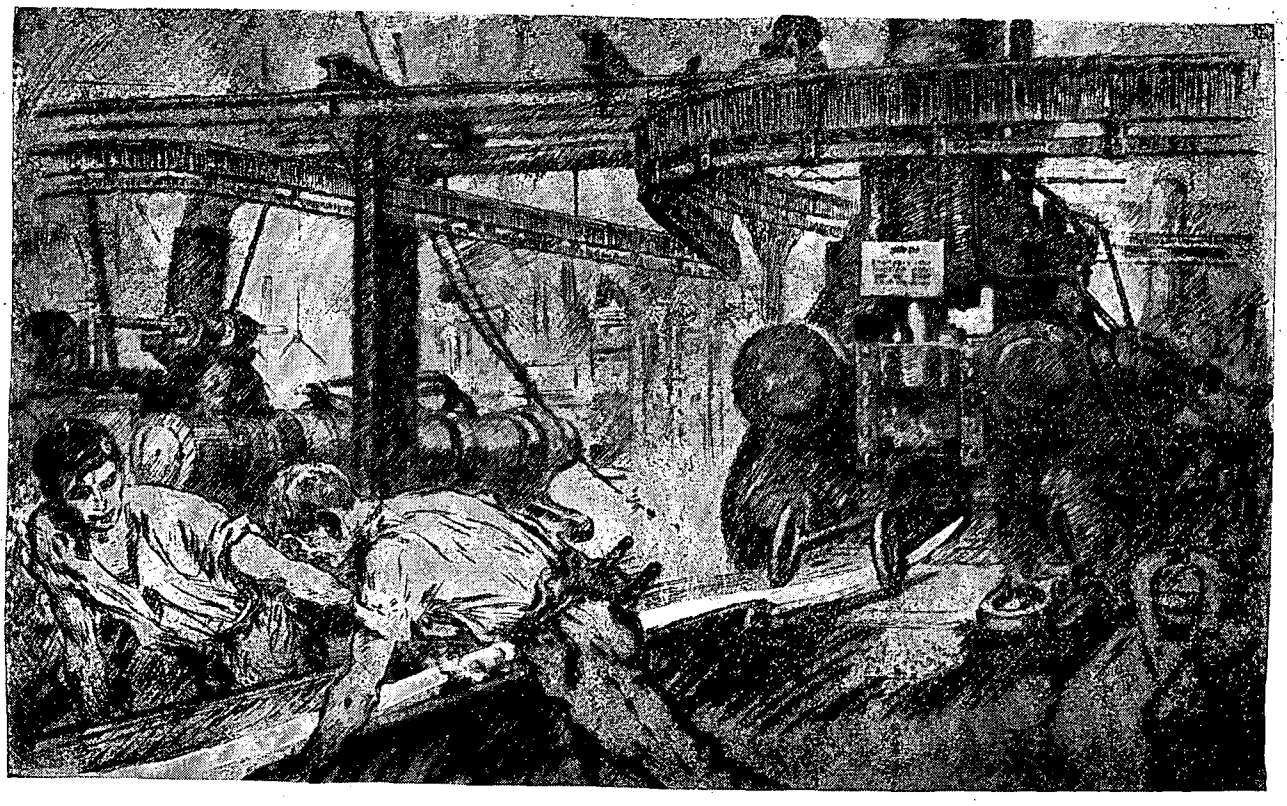


Winders at the dynamo



At the compression press: Drawing out flat copper bands

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More Bars Against Mexicans?

By PAUL S. TAYLOR

RESTRICT Mexican immigration? Agriculture will be ruined if we do, and the republic will be undermined if we don't! Hearings and more hearings, again the parade of witnesses pro and con has been passing in review before a Congressional committee. Among those *with interests,* and those *merely interested,* who's who, and what is it about?

First, who opposes further restriction of Mexican immigration?[1] The South Texas Chamber of Commerce, representing growers of cotton, fruits and vegetables; the Arizona Cotton Growers Association, which secures labor for the Salt River Valley; the Vegetable Growers of Imperial Valley, California; the California Development Association; the Agricultural Legislative Committee of California. These organizations from the southwestern border states, representing the agricultural interests most dependent on Mexican labor, are but the most active of a host of organizations representing a variety of industries which have recorded similar views. The railroads of the Southwest, with the Santa Fe as spokesman, have also stood against restriction, speaking partly for themselves, partly for the agricultural interests which they serve.

Aligned with these southwestern interests have been the beet sugar companies and growers of beets, scattered over the United States from Michigan and Minnesota to Montana, Colorado, and California. Presentation of their case has been principally by the United States Beet Sugar Association, and by the Great Western and American Beet Sugar Companies. The sugar beet interests have not teamed in entire harmony with the southwestern interests, partly because the former annually invade the territory of the latter, seeking labor, and partly because of a feeling in the Southwest that were it not for transportation of Mexicans to the beet fields, scattering them over the North, the rest of the country would raise little outcry against Mexican immigrants and leave to the four border states an undisturbed influx of Mexican labor. Indeed, the division is so marked that Texas recently passed a statute to hamper as much as possible the shipment of Mexican laborers to points outside the state.

The State Department, too, by public statement of Secretary Kellogg two years ago, has questioned the advisability of a quota, and on January 20, 1930, the chief of the visa office expressed similar doubts. But that is a different story.

Against the line-up of extensive and influential economic interests is a motley array, mainly persons and groups interested, rather than with direct economic interests at stake. True, the American Federation of Labor feels that its economic province is invaded when fresh supplies of labor come into the market, even though most of them do not enter the organized trades. But other groups whose economic interests may be jeopardized by unrestricted immigration either are not conscious of their interests or are not vocal. Apart from officials who may also have a political stake, most of those now actively asking restriction are doing so because they feel impelled to further politically their conception of public welfare. The motives and conceptions differ, though they agree on what they want.

In the drive for restriction of Mexican immigration, names made familiar during the contest of the past ten years to establish quota restrictions on European immigration are now reappearing. The national origins quotas established, they turn to nailing up the southwestern border.

John B. Trevor, Harvard graduate, member of an old New York family, former officer in the intelligence service of the army, a man of independent means, has consistently worked as a leader of restrictionists since the war.[2] Many of the restrictionists are united in the "American Coalition" under the slogan, "To keep America American."

Motives are various as are the groups and men: some fear radicalism; others fear "race suicide," or mixture with an alleged "inferior race;" some, not particularly convinced by the above arguments, fear destruction of our nation through loss of homogeniety; others are apprehensive of the inroads of "cheap labor."

THIS spring three quota bills have been before the House Committee on Immigration. The Bacon bill would limit Mexican immigration to 2,500. The new Box bill would apply to immigrants from this hemisphere "who do not habitually speak the English language" annual quotas for the countries from which they come, equal to 3 per cent of the average admitted during the years 1924-29. This would provide a quota of around 1,500 for Mexicans "who do not habitually speak English." Persons "who habitually speak the English language" may be admitted under additional quotas to a maximum of 50,000 total immigration from the Western Hemisphere. The Box bill would restrict Mexican immigration without offering great interference to the present movement between Canada and the United States.

The same is true of the new Johnson bill which was reported out favorably by the House Committee early in March. This divides the Western Hemisphere into "immigration units," and sets annual quotas at the number of immigration visas issued from each during the fiscal year ended September 30, 1929 (a minimum quota of 100); with exception of Canada (and Newfoundland), Mexico and Cuba. From these three areas may be admitted "four times the number of American citizens departing thereto for permanent residence" during that fiscal year. This would give Mexico a permanent quota of 2,900; Canada a quota of 67,556. The Mexican quota, however, is graduated downward, admitting 11,021 and 6,961 respectively during the next two years. The total admissable from the Western Hemisphere would be approximately 75,000.

[1] Among those who have taken a notable part in the formation or presentation of this general view are E. J. Walker, formerly manager of the Arizona Cotton Growers' Association, Chester B. Moore, of Calexico in Imperial Valley, Dr. George P. Clements, of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Ralph H. Taylor, of Sacramento, S. Maston Nixon of Corpus Christi, and E. E. McInnes, of the Santa Fe, from Chicago.

[2] F. H. Kinnicut, of the Allied Patriotic Societies; Fred R. Marvin, of the Key Men of America; Edward R. Lewis, of Chicago, author of America: Nation or Confusion; Madison Grant, of New York; and on the Pacific coast V. S. McClatchy, known for his work for Oriental restriction, and C. M. Goethe, of Sacramento, are prominent names among the group.

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THE McNary bill in the Senate proposes a federal commission to investigate the agricultural labor supply. There is also talk of a quota restriction on Mexico with provision for limited seasonal importation of laborers.

Another proposal is to *restrict with no quota legislation at all,* but simply by full enforcement of existing laws. Indeed, this is not so much a proposal as the statement of an existing condition. Progressively stricter enforcement of present immigration laws has already cut the influx of Mexicans to one-third its previous volume. This is the most important factor in the present situation:

Within the past two years quota limitation has very nearly become law. Sensitive to the importance of foreign policies, and to feelings abroad, Secretary Kellogg voiced doubts of the wisdom of such legislation. Exemption from restrictive immigration statutes is a gesture of friendship which can aid materially in building better relations, and in securing through voluntary action a uniform immigration policy for the hemisphere. To withdraw a privilege once extended when the Western Hemisphere was exempted from the quota law of 1921 would be worse than never to have extended it.

BUT this does not mean that poverty-stricken laborers with low standards of living can immigrate. Such persons in Europe are not now granted visas, even though within the numerical quota. The State Department has admitted inadvertent laxity in the past,—until 1929 its consuls in Mexico maintained lower standards for granting visas than are required by law, and are maintained in the Eastern Hemisphere. Awakened to the situation by the imminence of restrictive legislation, it is now establishing rigorous enforcement in the Western Hemisphere, uniform with that maintained elsewhere. By insistence on the production of all documents required by law, by more rigid administration of the clauses barring persons who are liable to become public charges, who are alien contract laborers, illiterate or defective, the number of immigration visas granted to Mexican laborers is now greatly reduced. Do not write restrictions into the statutes, for under existing laws properly enforced, the consuls debar that class of immigrants against whom the cry for restriction is raised. The State Department has not expressed its official position recently, but the above appears to be a reasonable interpretation of its activities and attitude.

Figures are produced, too. During the last half of 1929 the average monthly number of visas issued to Mexicans was 1,354, as compared with 4,152 during the same period in 1928, or a decrease of slightly more than two-thirds. Of those who applied for visas, 46.2 per cent were refused, and others, recognizing their inability to qualify under present standards, did not even apply. The 8,121 Mexicans who received visas during this period are classified as follows:

A. Persons going to the U. S. to attend school	14.9	per cent
B. Residents of the U. S., to regularize status	21.1	" "
C. Others who had previously resided in the U. S.	14.7	" "
Total	50.7	" "
D. Wives and children of admitted aliens	21.1	" "
E. Others	28.2	" "
Grand total	100.0	" "

Of the above, class E, or 28.2 per cent, entering at the rate of 4,582 per annum, alone represents entirely new immigration of the kind which clearly would be stopped permanently by a quota. Class A would be admissible outside a quota; classes B and C probably include persons who would be admissible both within and outside of a quota, and in any case do not represent new immigration; class D would be admissible outside of a quota providing the admitted aliens became U. S. citizens. This is the State Department analysis which concludes, "The problem of new immigration from Mexico, barring the question of surreptitious border-crossing activities, would therefore no longer appear to be a serious one."

No clearer evidence of the recent increase in effectiveness of the Immigration Service could be provided than by the class B visas; these were persons who were forced back or voluntarily went back to legalize an otherwise precarious residence in the United States. The southwestern border can be held and is being held against illegal immigration far more tightly than most people realize or have believed possible.

ON one side of the present situation then, are quota bills whose backers seek to write numerical restrictions into the law. On the other side, is an incongruous temporary alliance of anti-restrictionists and the now restrictionist State Department. The anti-restrictionist interests of the Southwest say with the State Department, "We have enough legislation on the statute books now." But they hope, when more labor immigration is desired, to be able to secure a relaxation of enforcement. Will the State Department relax? One of its men told the House Committee in January, "It should be emphasized that the administrative measures employed to insure uniform standards are not temporary in character but are intended to be permanent." An informed person told the writer: "Most persons think of the State Department men as perfumed diplomats with spats and a cane; that's a mistake, they're hard-boiled as hell." Will the Labor Department, the coordinate immigration administrative agency, relax under pressure? Its officials work on this side of the international boundary, and their position is therefore more difficult. But if they would relax under pressure, they would do so equally under a quota law. At present, officials of both departments are enforcing the immigration laws with vigor.

The situation is peculiar. Some of the most powerful interests in the border states oppose restriction. Yet the legislature of California and the senate of Arizona have memorialized Congress in favor of limitation. Congress is Republican and restrictionist, and so is the House Committee on Immigration, whose chairman, Albert Johnson, of Washington, bears a name to conjure with among restrictionists. Yet the original Box bill, introduced by a Texas Democrat, has held the limelight. Most restrictionists wish to write restriction into the law; if such a bill ever reaches a vote, it will probably pass by a big majority, as it probably would have at any time during the last few years. But it is kept from a vote partly by anti-restrictionists, partly by the situation confronting a State Department which prefers restriction by administration to restriction by legislation. Many, perhaps most, Mexican officials do not wish unlimited emigration of their nationals, yet they dislike restriction by statute. No protest has been made by the Mexican government against the work of the consular officers and none is likely.

And the farmers of the Southwest? They have protested restriction, and urged that if it comes they should have sufficient notification to permit readjustment. Should not someone tell them that restriction is here, and that unless the now adamant State Department softens, restriction is here to stay? That if the State Department fails to restrict, the cry for the quota, now muffled, will become irresistible? Should they not be told to begin readjustment now? Practical politics are changing the issue at Washington from "Shall we restrict?" to "How shall we continue to restrict?"

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Tightening the Mexican Border

By ROBERT N. McLEAN

Drawings by Morris Topchevsky

I HAVE been running down sob stories—tales of cruelty and hardship, of deportation and broken homes which cropped out in talks with border officials, Mexican and American, from Texas to California; with Mexican laborers in the fields and with Mexican idlers in the streets.

First, there was the story of two Mexican laborers who went out at blush of dawn to work in the canteloupes. They were earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brows; they were factors in production, cogs in the industrial machine, and all that. About mid-afternoon, according to the story, the border patrol called upon the two wives and asked for their birth certificates. On the wall of one of the rooms in the little shack which they shared, was a framed chromo of a saint, but there were no birth certificates. Also, the two Mexican women spoke no English. Was an interpreter called? Decidedly not. Were they allowed to confer with their husbands in the field, or await their coming? You have guessed the answer. They could not prove their domicile, and they were summarily put across the line. And when the weary husbands trudged home at night, there were no *frijoles* and *tortillas* awaiting them.

The whole thing had a bit of biblical atmosphere. "One shall be taken and the other left." Why, it was *twice* as good as the Bible story, because there were *two* taken and *two* left.

And so I started off eagerly. I would find the men and interview them. Then I would cross that dread border—so easy for me, so hard for them—and I would search out the wives. I would comfort them in their sorrow. There ought to be a child or two rubbing tears out of black eyes with chubby dirty fists. There would perhaps be a chance for a few kodak pictures. And while getting names, and dates, and places and other hard facts which are so necessary to a story, I would carry to these women a message of love and consolation from their husbands.

But enthusiasm melted under the hot sun of the Imperial Valley. Yes, people had heard the story. But nobody knew anyone who actually knew the two bereaved laborers. The names were particularly elusive. And so *dramatis personnae* and stage properties all vanished into thin air.

But why be discouraged? There were numerous other leads. My notebook was full of heart-throbs. There was the story about the nursing child, born an American citizen and therefore held on this side, while its alien mother was ruthlessly pushed across the grim border. Perhaps I could get a picture of the child, fed by its foster mother out of a bottle! There was that other fragment about the children who kissed their mother good-bye and trudged off to school in the morning, only to come home to an empty house. During the day the border patrol had called and their parents had been deported. Perhaps I could carry the children to the fence in my car, and take a family group, with the barrier between!

AND so I snapped the book shut and started off with new enthusiasm. But the first group of Mexicans with whom I stopped to chat while admitting that they had heard the story, showed a marked desire to start me off again on the old lead about the two men in the field who came home to empty kitchens. Sometimes after following a hot scent for half a day, I would run across a man who would insist that the scene of the little drama was laid in Yuma and not in the Imperial Valley. And to cap the climax after I had trudged up and down a row of tents and shacks by the side of a lettuce field, I came upon a woman who wanted to tell me a story about two men who were deported from a field, while their two wives kept their beans and *tortillas* hot at home. I felt like looking up the two husbands whose wives had been deported and let them eat that meal.

There are dozens of these sob stories, or variations of them, which are common coin in the Imperial Valley. I found the sobs, and plenty of them. But unfortunately I could not locate the names and addresses and places and dates.

Everyone who knows anything about the border situation knows that the number of Mexicans entering this country illegally during the ten years following the war far exceeded the number who came legally. The railway lines of the Southwest were in a deplorable condition, and thousands of section laborers were needed and needed immediately to repair them. A new industrial era crowded quickly upon us. We were far behind in our building and contractors were clamoring for pick and shovel men who could handle sand, dig trenches and pour concrete. A factor no less important, was the rapid agricultural development of the Southwest.

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Irrigation projects made possible by government appropriations brought vast areas of desert land under water and under cultivation. Most of this land produces seasonal crops, and requires seasonal laborers. And so with our immigration laws shutting off cheap labor from Europe and the Orient, the vacuum drew hundreds of thousands of Mexicans across the line; and more than half of them came illegally. They were needed, they came, and no questions were asked.

But all this has been changed. The border no longer looks like a sieve. The patrol is quick to stop and question every suspicious stranger on the train, in a bus, or coughing along in a decrepit Ford upon the highway. The gaps in the border are being stopped.

Chicago: end of the trail. Opposite: Street scene in San Antonio.

American officials however will assure you that their policies have not changed; that they are simply enforcing the law as it exists, and as they have always enforced it, up to the limit of their ability. But the fact remains that fewer aliens are entering legally, while the number of "wet-backs" and "bootlegs" has been cut down almost to the vanishing point. At El Paso, for example, about one-third as many entered legally last September as in September 1928.

If the policies of enforcement have not changed, what has been responsible for this sudden stoppage in the northward flow of Mexicans?

A NUMBER of things have happened; but the most important was the law which went into effect on the fourth of May, 1929, making it a felony for an alien to enter the country illegally. Before that date the Mexican who crossed the line without making the customary bow to the immigration officials was not even guilty of a misdemeanor. Nobody cared much whether he came or not; but if he became a public charge, or a nuisance, or a habitual criminal, or did something else to attract the attention of the law, the worst that could happen to him was deportation. And a harrassed immigration service out of an utterly inadequate budget had to feed him for two or three weeks while the necessary machinery was set in motion to deport him. Then of course he was card indexed; and if he appeared again he could be put across the line without delay. But all Mexicans look so much alike to Anglo-Saxon eyes, it was very easy for Juan García to become José Lopez if the occasion demanded.

Now, however, if he crosses the line in the night, or wades the Rio Grande, the chances are that before noon he will be stopped upon some highway by an alert patrol and questioned. Then according to the present law he can be convicted of a felony and lodged in jail. And it is not the immigration service but the department of justice which buys his *tortillas* and *frijoles* while the ponderous legal machinery necessary to his deportation is set in motion.

But while the felony law has almost halted illegal entries, the United States Consular Service has also been doing its part to plug the gaps in the border. There has been a decided tightening up in the matter of visas. Formerly, few questions were asked. It was assumed that even if Uncle Sam did not have "land enough to give us all a farm" he at least had land enough to give every Mexican cotton-picker or beet-worker a paying job that would keep him from becoming a public charge. Now the Consular Agents in Mexico are not so sure. As a matter of fact, they have things pretty much in their own hands.

Comes Juan García, ragged, shabby, destination Texas. Has he any assurance of work when he crosses the line? No? There is a probability, as they see it, that he will become a public charge. Visa denied.

Enter José Lopez, same general appearance, same destination, same general questions. Sure he has a job, and he proudly displays a letter from his brother's employer, promising him work. Contract laborer! Visa denied! Anyway the Consular service has private information at that particular moment that there is plenty of Mexican labor in that particular part of Texas. Queer how long it has taken us, while Mr. Box and Mr. Harris have been clamoring for a quota, to find out what could be done in other ways!

A THIRD factor in decreasing Mexican immigration is what officials call "the fear of God." It may be indefinite, but it is very real; and the quality is standard all the way from California to Texas.

And that *fear* hovers over every Mexican colony in the Southwest is a fact that all who come in contact with them can readily attest. They fear examination by the border patrol when they travel; they fear arrest; they fear jail; they fear deportation; and whereas they used to write inviting their friends, they now urge them not to come. Said an American border official:

> A few years ago we used to send plain clothes men into the public dance halls. These men mingled with the crowd to gather information which we could use as the basis for investigation. The new law has changed all that. Now we send a couple of men in uniform into the dance hall. In a few minutes, the people who are here illegally begin to sneak out only to fall into the arms of a cordon who are waiting for them. A guilty conscience does the job.

How vigilant the immigration service has become, may be readily gathered from a few statistics. In El Paso, 2,653 were deported in eight months. In the thirty-first district which embraces Southern California up to the northern boundary of Santa Barbara (*Continued on page* 54)

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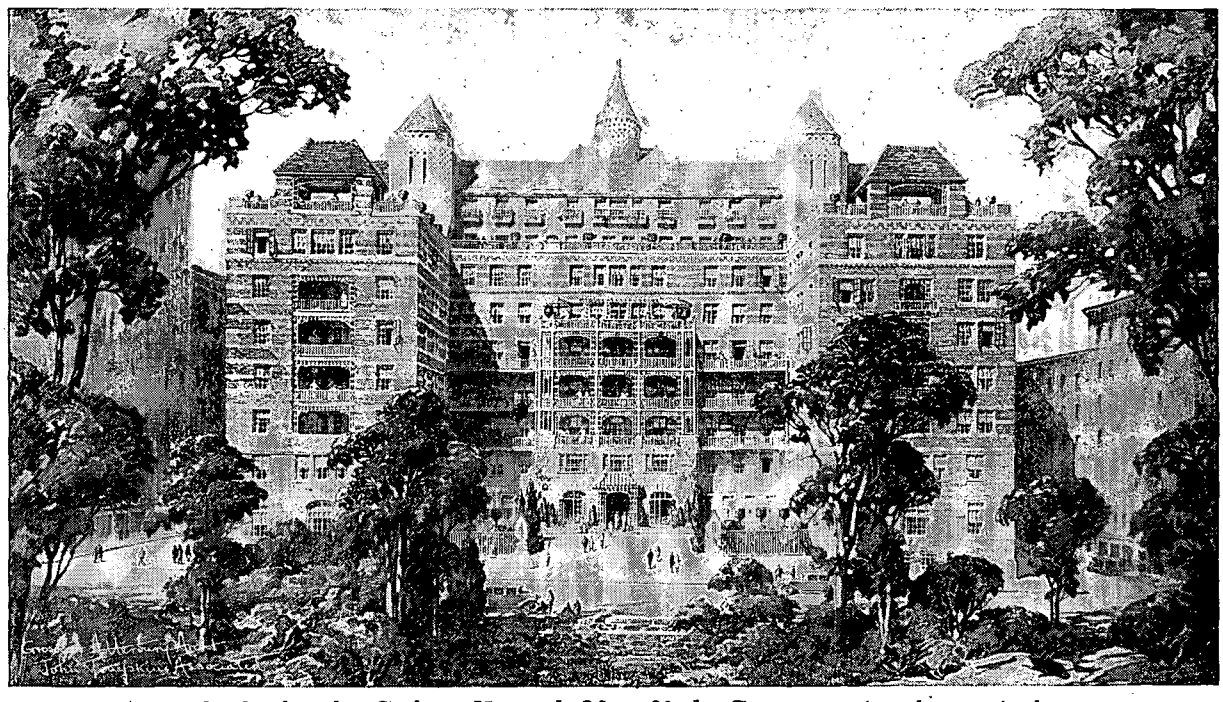

First Study for the Gotham Hospital, New York. Grosvenor Atterbury, Architect

Endowing the Middle-Class Patient

By MARY ROSS

JUST before Thanksgiving a grateful patient came to bring a pie to a woman surgeon who had cared for her through a series of illnesses four years before. The patient and her husband had been people in comfortable, but modest circumstances; they had chosen a semi-private room in the hospital, the cheapest accommodation they could get and have the physician of their choice; they asked for private nurses only for the first critical days, and the surgeon in turn had charged a fraction of the usual fee, and reiterated her desire that they should pay only as they conveniently could. The payments had come regularly and cheerfully, the last of them a couple of years after the illness.

When the patient appeared with the pie her face was beaming. "I am so happy today," she explained, "you don't know how happy." Then she pointed to the earrings which she wore, each with a little diamond chip, and to the engagement ring on her finger. "You never saw these before," she said to the doctor. "Are they new?" the doctor asked, knowing from the old-fashioned pattern that they could not be. "Oh, no," the patient went on with a little hesitation. "But I've just got them back. You see when I was sick so much, we had to borrow on everything we could, life insurance and all. And finally we pawned the silver and these." Only after four years had the debt been fully paid and the trinkets reclaimed, but never, until it was all a thing of the past, had there been a murmur even to her sympathetic friend, the doctor.

In a recent study for the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care (Survey Graphic, January, 1930, page 423) Niles Carpenter reported that of 132 hospitals which outlined future plans, 121 mentioned special provisions for middle-class patients like this surgeon's friend. Yet in New York, where rates are necessarily higher than in many other places, and where hospital care is more often essential than elsewhere because many people live in cramped or sketchily-equipped apartments, there were in 1928 only 3,200 beds in private and semi-private rooms at less than $7 a day for some 3,500,000 New Yorkers who are neither rich nor poor. Figure for yourself the chance of any one of them to get "moderate-priced" hospital care when a sudden need arose. If they must take the alternative of a ward, they have to give up the physician or surgeon of their choice and accept the hospital's assignment of staff.

A NUMBER of important plans are afoot to meet their needs. Lenox Hill Hospital is putting up a new building which will give at first 80 and eventually 150 beds in semi-private rooms at from $4 to $6 a day, including group nursing—an estimated saving of $175 for the average two-weeks' hospital stay over the present cost of a private room and private nursing. St. Mark's Hospital has announced a "private group" plan, with two, three or at most four patients in a room and charges mid-way between ward and private room rates. When special nursing is required it is available on a group plan, with graduate nurses on 8-hour shifts, at a cost of $9 a day paid by the patient directly to the hospital. All physicians treating patients in these rooms (and St. Mark's is open to any physician in good standing) agree to charge not more than $100 for the complete medical or surgical care of any case, including operation, if necessary, and after-care, an arrangement endorsed by the hospitals,

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staffs and by medical societies including 90 per cent of the doctors in that district. The decision as to whether or not to admit any given patient under the plan rests with the hospital authorities on recommendation of the patient's physician. As writers on medical economics have often pointed out, it is not just the hospital's fee, but the total bill for an illness—including the services of doctor, nurse and laboratory technicians—that is the prime interest from the patient's point of view. The plan at St. Mark's should make it possible to figure out in advance about what this reckoning will be.

Unique in its plans and setup is the wholly new Gotham Hospital, projected by the Women's Medical Association, and believed to be the first in the country to be organized especially to meet the needs of patients of moderate income. "Moderate income" is defined in terms of New York to mean from "$2,000 to $7,500." The Gotham Hospital, according to a recent announcement by Henry Bruère, president of the board, and Matthew S. Sloan, chairman of its campaign committee, will have fifty private rooms averaging $10 a day for patients who can afford to pay full cost or more. It will have another fifty private rooms at $5 a day; fifty beds in semi-private rooms (two beds to a room) at $4 a day; and fifty beds in small wards of six beds each at $3 a day. There will be no free beds, since it is believed that the needs of patients who can pay nothing already are met by the wards of public and private hospitals, which comprise 80 per cent of all hospital beds in the city.

The average cost of hospital care in New York is about $7 a patient a day. On the rooms averaging $10, therefore, the hospital should earn a surplus which will be devoted to hospital deficits not covered by endowment. The cheaper rooms and wards will be operated at a loss. To meet that loss plans for the Gotham Hospital include an item new in hospital financing—a patients' endowment. To this will be devoted $3,000,000 of the $6,000,000 for which the hospital is campaigning; the other $3,000,000 will cover the cost of the site, a whole block front on Central Park West, building, equipment and working capital. The income from the endowment will provide $4 a day toward the cost of caring for each ward patient, $3 a day for each patient in a semi-private room, $2 for those in private rooms except for the $10 group, whose occupants pay full cost or more.

FOR patients who share in endowment benefits, fees charged by physician and surgeon will be fixed and collected by the hospital, according to a definite schedule, graded in proportion to the type of hospital service. There will be a fixed fee for hospital extras. Moreover, the rooms are grouped, each group with its own service facilities, so that one special nurse can care for two or three patients who require private nursing, greatly reducing the cost to each. Patients who do not need special nursing will be cared for by the general nursing service, included in the room fee. All nurses, general and special, will be graduates, employed on annual salary, an arrangement obviously advantageous to the nurse as well as the patient.

This patients' endowment can be used only to reduce the cost of medical care to middle-class patients, but at the end of twenty-five years there must be a survey by an independent committee, representing social and professional groups, to determine whether this purpose is best met by the plan established now. If some other method of helping the middle-class to get medical care then seems preferable, the income and a small proportion of capital may be used for it. Knowing how often social needs shift over a period of years, the Women's Medical Association is determined to avoid "frozen funds." This endowment, its sponsors point out, is analogous to that of a university, by which students profit in tuition fees lower than cost without ever dreaming of a stigma of "charity." Though it can be argued that health is at least as essential as a college education, hospital endowments in this country are picayune in comparison with the funds available to the colleges. The total endowments of all the twenty-nine general hospitals in New York City, for example, fall $3,000,000 short of that of the University of Chicago alone.

THE Gotham Hospital is pioneering in other ways. The Women's Medical Association, whose project it is, believes that at the present time, and probably quite naturally, as a hangover of outworn prejudices, women physicians and surgeons have not an opportunity to compete with men on an equal professional basis in appointments to responsible staff positions. Both men and women will serve on its staff, but for the time being, until conditions generally give women doctors opportunities adequate to their attainments, internships and positions as chiefs of staff will be reserved for women. If no woman of the highest qualification can be found to serve as chief of staff in any one department, a man of the required standing will be appointed as acting chief to serve till his equal or superior of the other sex comes along. This policy may be reconsidered at the end of the first ten years in the light of conditions then obtaining in hospitals and the medical profession; it *must* be studied and reconsidered at the end of twenty-five years.

The group of women physicians and surgeons whose hopes Gotham will embody—and its policy and plans have been formulated on the basis of questionnaires returned by more than 4,000 scattered throughout the United States—have no wish to fix on a future generation the expedients which their own experience seems to justify now. When faced with the statement that men will not work under women chiefs of staff, they point smilingly to a woman physician who is chief of medical staff at Cornell Clinic in charge of a group of more than forty physicians, and to the suggestions already advanced by able men that they would appreciate an appointment to the Gotham staff.

Like the plans at St. Mark's, Lenox Hill, at the new middle-class building of Massachusetts General in Boston, and elsewhere, the program of the Gotham Hospital envisages a number of the administrative economies suggested by Michael M. Davis in the January Survey Graphic (page 423). It goes further than these, however, in assuming that in New York even with the utmost economy the cost of modern medical care under conditions acceptable to intelligent and independent people cannot be cut to a point compatible with the incomes of many who will need it; and that it is as just and necessary to meet part of the needs of these out of contributed funds as it is to meet all the need of the poverty-stricken by endowment or contribution. Both this assumption and the experiment embodying it will be watched with interest by hospitals generally, by perplexed physicians who know that anxious hush when they suggest "hospital" to a patient, and by members of the inarticulate middle-class itself.

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Hello John—Adventurer

By ADELAIDE NICHOLS

SLANTING six o'clock sun of a midsummer morning. Already the milk bottles stand in the pool of sun spreading inward across the porch. The tinkle of empty bottles in the milkman's truck sounds above the squeak of his brake as he eases down the hill.

So it is today again. Today in 1930 and the milkman drives a General Motors truck and I am the conscientious custodian of milk and milk bottles for a baby of my own. His name is John and his age is two and already he shows signs of becoming an adventurer, like his Uncle John who was called "Hello John" by everyone from his earliest days.

As I stoop to pick up the bottles while the jingle of the milk truck dies away around the curve of the road, I am suddenly haunted—even on that sunny porch—by a little ghost. It is "Hello John" himself as he sat there on that very porch on a midsummer morning twenty years ago. In the morning light, his round golden head shows a glint of red. His face is pink under a sprinkling of freckles. His blue eyes are fixed anxiously on the road. Suddenly he lifts his head, and his feet begin to prance even before he has leapt upon them and shouted, "Hello!" John is hearing the jingle of bottles too. But John, aged six, is up betimes to hear the milkman before he comes, not as he drives away leaving bottles for the old and lazy to find in his wake. And John, little ghost of twenty years ago, hears a milkman approaching, not in a truck with grinding brake, but in a covered cart behind the bony flanks of Baby, Mr. Milliken's huge old horse.

"Hello, John" comes back Mr. Milliken's glad cry, and then again *"Hello,* John!" as John flings forward to the edge of the road and swarms up over the wagon wheel before it has quite stopped turning.

"Mother says I can ride with you today, because I don't suck my thumb any more," says John settling himself on the old leather-cushioned seat and reaching automatically for the whip which is his sceptre of glory on his frequent rides with Mr. Milliken.

"Just wait a shake till I leave her some milk, and then I'm with ye. Just hold Baby in fer me and take care she don't run away." The beatific smile on John's face is caused by the feel of the reins in his hands. Baby looks round and cocks her ear toward him humorously. He grins back. "Hello, Baby." Baby snuffles.

"Baby's sayin' 'Hello, John,'" remarks Mr. Milliken climbing in and gathering up the reins.

THEY are off. The next stop is at the back door of the big house where the German cook lives. "Morgen, Regina," shouts John to show that he remembers the word she taught him on his last call. And Regina, equally proud of her English replies, "Hello, John," and runs beaming out to him. And Mr. Milliken lets him hand her the cream bottle.

Many houses are still asleep. John and Mr. Milliken and the birds share together the adventure of the morning. And an adventure it is! Now and then a kindred adventurer meets them on the road. Mr. Jenney, driving his team to market with a high piled load of brimming peach baskets, pulls up to pass the time of day with Mr. Milliken. Mr. Jenney says, "Hello, John," and hands him a peach. "Say, ye get up early to help on the milk route, I see. I'll give you a sight better job than that, peach-picking." He laughs. "How about it, son?"

"Sure thing," says John in dead earnest, but in a tone so like Mr. Milliken's that all three begin to laugh, and laugh and laugh there in the middle of the road while the rest of the world still sleeps.

John is at home again while the day is yet young. He clambers down from the seat of the milk wagon with shining eyes. "Hello, Mother!" he cries running toward the porch.

"Hello, John," cries Mother, "I thought you were lost!" John laughs happily. He knows as I do that this is meant for a joke. She thought no such thing. She had given him express leave to go. She knows Mr. Milliken's route, his hours, and his character perfectly. But she knows John well enough to give him the full taste of his adventure.

JOHN, elated with a sense of having ventured beyond her horizon, tells her travelers' tales and is wondered at by the stay-at-homes who have been idling in bed while he went forth and met new sights and strange folk by dawn. Once in a while bits from this world of his surprised us in our wonted paths, as when John met a portly prelate on the station platform one day in the fall when we were all journeying back to the city and school. We other children speculated in awestruck whispers behind his back as to the cause of his huge girth and the cut of his collar. But John ran round to the front side of him and actually grasped one of the hands that reposed upon his stomach. My sister and I were horrified. But the prelate unbent in a seemingly impossible manner: rather he bent lower than we could have believed and grasped John by both shoulders. "Why its the milkmanikin, himself," he cried with a strong Irish twist to his words, "Hello, John!"

The train came in and we were hustled aboard. But when we found our seats we inquired of John whom he had accosted so boldly.

John waved his hand airily, "Oh, him?" he said. "He's just my friend, the Bishop."

So John's acquaintance grew with each adventure. He who rode with the milkman, in the country, rode with the woodyard man in the city when he was twelve, and served as a Saturday butcher boy in his highschool days and as an electric welder at the shipyards in intervals of a Harvard education. Each adventure grew out of his own longing and was met by Mother with a courage and humor and wisdom that left it an adventure to John while she really held the chart and compass of the voyage.

Thus was the savor of contrast added to existence. At home Father spoke fine ministerial English, elsewhere language was variously enriched yet often as heartwarming. At home was a world of books and pictures and emphasis on the arts of living: elsewhere people throve who had never

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heard of these things. At home relatives and friends bore smooth New England names: elsewhere they were called by mouthfilling titles reeking of strange pasts. New standards of perfection were set up, but the same zest in accomplishment, the same admiration for the conqueror of a new technique, appeared among one's friends, whether they were farmers or architects, butchers or school boys or electric welders.

SO it was with him, "Hello, John" in many tongues and dialects from the days of the ruddy-headed little ghost evoked by the jingling of milk bottles to the present when he is a grown man conducting important business in China. The company he serves in the East sent him last spring to Nanking to reopen the wrecked offices and re-establish business relations because he could, literally and figuratively, "talk the language."

Amid the first rumbling that prefaced the emergence of the new regime in China, someone safe at home wrote John warning that for the sake of life and limb and business success, he might best withdraw from an unsavory scene. He was at Hankow then, and the Revolutionists boiling out of Canton in that direction.

"No," wrote John to the careful correspondent, who needless to say, was not his mother, "there are going to be interesting things doing here, and I want ringside seats." And as the arena moved to Nanking, his tickets for ringside seats were offered, nay urged upon him, while others listened to the news from a safe distance where it need not distress their preconceived notions of etiquette, politics, or religion.

Now I am far from wishing that my little John, who bears his uncle's name, shall inherit his ringside seats in Far Eastern revolutions. But I hope that he may inherit the spirit and upbringing that sends him joyfullly about the world's business even where the path leads beyond certain boundaries of race and tradition.

Too much supervised play and private schools and exclusive clubs and sets of dances and correct colleges are the signs of fearful mothers who set their standard of life against all others yet cannot bring themselves to trust that standard in open competition with the others outside the artificial wall which they raise about it. When John first went to China straight from his senior year at college, there were many anxious ladies to pity Mother and ask her how she could bear to let her son go to the ends of the earth and face the risk of moral ruin.

And Mother said, "I have done my best to teach him to face risks for twenty-one years. It is too late now to be afraid."

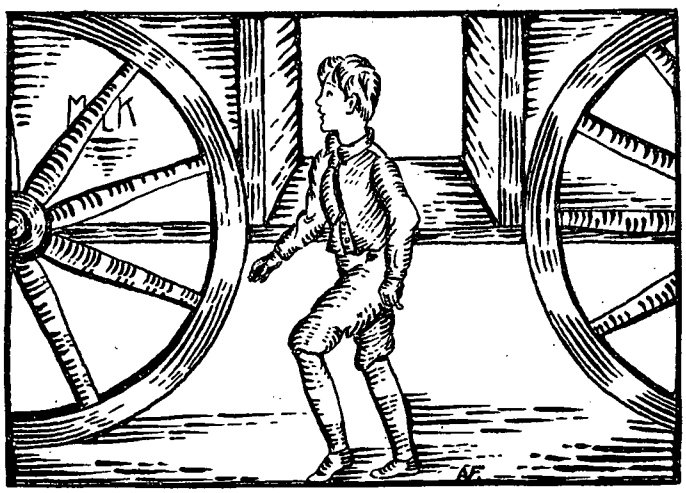
THE real risks are run by those who have been kept too long within boundaries, defended from life lest it be too real for them. Yet I know from even such experience as my John has furnished me in these two years, that it is fatally easy to put one's children in pens and most perplexing and exhausting to deal with their adventures.

Modern life which has put swift and vital forces into such form that "a child can operate them with ease," has given adventure, even for the very young, a dazzling and terrible range of possibilities. The leisurely adventure of the milk-wagon is perhaps less in keeping with present opportunities than the adventure of the young stowaway on the trans-atlantic plane.

Especially is this true of the city child. He has not at hand the joyful adventures of nature which are the really soul-satisfying and stimulating ones. Adventure is likely to fling him into physical and moral dangers intensified by artificial conditions. The baffling problem of affording the city child space and light and air, not only for his body, but "for the growing of his heart," is proof that the best adventure which can be opened to him is the chance to escape from the city entirely for at least part of his childhood. Yet, so far, our best contriving leaves many children doomed to the city for all or part of their lives. And we who want them to avoid the disasters of that existence cannot let the matter rest by penning them up out of harm's way. They will need, even more than the country child, that stiffening of fibre and widening of horizon which comes from meeting life in all its rich variety and uncertainty.

This problem, like many other of the city child's deprivations is being put up to the modern school. I have heard that nursery schools install staircases as part of the play apparatus to train the climbing abilities of babes who know only elevators in their apartment house citadels. Some schools are fortunately taking equal pains to supply the lack of adventure in the city child's life. The scope of some of these adventures is enviable. Little children may stand on Brooklyn Bridge and make New York harbor their own. Experiments in cultivating the democratic and the international mind through the skillful opening of channels for contrasts are a part of the plan of the best city schools.

BUT these things even at best are fenced by the group. A child will still yearn for his own private adventure, the one evoked by some mysterious call unknown to the school curriculum or to his parents' chart of his cultural development. When this call is upon him, some fine creative forces may be at work and when they manifest themselves in uncouth and alarming projects, it is a challenge to the parents' sympathy and courage. Only sympathy can insure that our children shall be in our keeping even when they leave us on adventure bound, and only courage will open the protecting doors that shut them away from the experiences they want and need. To know how often and how wide to open the doors and to dare to stand back and let our children go through without timorous clutching or anxious following is the parent's high art. How agile and merry and wise and imaginative must be the parent of an adventurer!



Drawing by Alois B. Fabry

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Mosaic of War

RETREAT, *by C. R. Benstead. Century. 355 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
"HEY! YELLOWBACKS!" *by Ernest L. Meyer. John Day. 208 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, *by Robert Graves. Cape & Smith. 430 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
STRETCHERS, *by Frederick A. Pottle. Yale Press. 366 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE WHISTLERS' ROOM, *by Paul Alverdes. Covici-Friede. 135 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
GOD HAVE MERCY ON US! *by William T. Scanlon. Houghton Mifflin. 338 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
RETURN OF THE BRUTE, *by Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace. 198 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

LITERATURE has always been on the side of the recruiting-sergeant; but since 1915, from Barbusse to Hemingway, this generation in grim prose has pictured war as an obscene chaos. There is new meaning in the aphorism, the pen is mightier than the sword, for the pens of our late soldiers reveal the sword as the sickle of death.

The recruiting-sergeant will find himself up against a new force when the drums begin to beat their heady music for the next war—these tales of the last war by its own veterans. The censor will have to blot out this whole segment of literature, for not one of these books contains a word of praise for war. The indictment is universal and even the brass-hats offer no rebuttal. The historian can never build a false picture out of these mosaic bits, for they fit together into only one picture of hell on earth.

It is clear these authors—poet, American, ambulance-man, German—were in the same war: they saw the same things, suffered the same tortures. Their books even have a kind of grim monotony about them. And why not? War has only one face. That face is now painted for posterity. Can it ever be veiled or bedizened by propaganda to fool our children again? God forbid. But we are a blind race, and learn little second-hand.

THE irony of this trench literature should not escape us. The war-makers with their net of universal conscription caught too many journalists and poets and scientists, men with eyes to see and feelings to hurt, articulate fellows who were provided with front-line seats for years. The ranker had never been articulate before, and officers had been kept quiet by the code. It *was*, unfortunately, a democratic war. Then the science that made the war with machines had also taught men to observe and record with careful pains and a desire for the facts. They kept their training in the trenches. Next, they were cast out as civilians full of terrible memories and bitter hatred. Nothing could keep them quiet; certainly not a world itself left cynic and disillusioned, and with few loyalties. Finally our mode in literature of realism and sociology, from Zola to Wells and Dreiser, had paved the way for them. They are in the fashion. Nothing like this could have made its way after our Civil War, though there were horrors enough at Cold Harbor or Petersburg. The scientific spirit and the notion of realism were lacking. But now everything has conspired to get the common soldier's story in the record. It is an omen not without a promise for the future.

Best of the recent war books and, I think, a great book is Retreat. It is lifted to rare heights by its symbolism. On the surface it pictures the pitiful disintegration of a terrified and inadequate clergyman, driven from the peace of his English rectory by agony of spirit to become chaplain of an artillery brigade caught in the debacle of Gough's Army by the German drive of March, 1918. He arrives in a bombardment, lives in fear, is lugged in each day's retreat on a headquarters lorry, a useless burden on the weary, hard-drinking staff, who nurse him for his cloth's sake. He does nothing for anybody, even himself, and the very French refugees spit on him.

The pictures of rear-guard action and a bewildered army in rout, with vignettes of villages and peasants, are vivid and luminous, even beautiful. In rest-camp, Elliot Warne cannot adapt; the high jinks, male lusts, careless drunks, sicken him. He is alone between officers and men, his very church parades a farce. He cannot ease the deaths of men or influence their lives. The guns go to the front again; the German shells catch them in a town; the chaplain goes mad, and is sent to the rear, dying of the 'flu.

THE thing is intolerably painful, this slow stripping of a soul by fear. It is called a challenge to the church, but deeper it is a challenge from the church. This man is not physically afraid nor do his nerves give way; he is extinguished by the vision of spiritual nihilism, and his soul gives way. What destroys him is the indifference to life, the negation of all values—in short, war as war. He cannot adapt as do the "useful" chaplains who carry on and offer the men rough human consolation. To adapt is to betray his Christ, for life, all lives, had worth and meaning to Christ. Here none have. He acts like an old woman, for women value life, without reason. To carry on is the final madness: to go insane proves him, in a way, the only sane man left, still clinging to a sense of values. The church need not resent this an an attack on clergymen, but glory in its testimony of martyrdom for the spirit. This is a profound book, beautiful as literature and in its grave questioning.

This relation of the church to war is touched again in Ernest Meyer's diary of a conscientious objector, "Hey! Yellowbacks!" For though this young Wisconsin student was what we may call a philosophical objector to war, he spent the half-year of his internment in several camps along with the religious objectors of many creeds. His picture of their patient courage is memorable. They suffered and stood fast. And so did Meyer, without the comfort of religion, but for humanity and his own conscience. His trials were not great compared with what certain other men endured, and he declares that on the whole, authority in the United States handled the problem of passive resistance with more decency than did England or France. But the humor of his recital cannot conceal his courage, nor the spiritual isolation and the fearful waiting that tried his soul.

He still believes he was right and the answer to war is the simple refusal to fight. This is a useful book, but not enough. There is sterner stuff to be written on the black holes, the tortures that political objectors went through, the deaths and sufferings of men in military prisons, the cruel sentences actually served. This page should go in the record with the trench tales; together they furnish a testament for tomorrow.

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Robert Graves is a conscientious objector too. He is a poet. At thirty-three he writes his autobiography to get done with what he has been and suffered. The story is sad and grave and rich in texture, a sweeping picture of one kind of English life from the empty days of his public schooling at Charterhouse through his war life as an officer of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to a return to Oxford and marriage. These three panels reveal something of what is going on in Merrie England; they testify to the great disillusionment. The war part is keen on the caste lines, discipline, and stark bravery of a crack regiment. The poet's picture of war has no poetry in its etched vividness; the cold, the wretchedness, the terrors are only more keenly realized; the final ill health only more pathetic as sealing the waste of a brilliant youth. The gentleman officer who has known Siegfried Sassoon, Thomas Hardy, and been pal to the famous Lawrence is as open-eyed as a ranker. But he sees deeper, in peace as well as war. He questions England and England has no answer.

Stretchers takes up the tale at an evacuation hospital where the harvest of the trenches is garnered. It is the detailed personal story of an intelligent man from his enlistment and is one of the most valuable documents we have read. You are in the wards with the wounded and the surgeons, and you learn precisely how modern science is used to save what war has wrecked. The contrast between the devotion and tenderness of the medical corps and the wastefulness of the generals is devastating. But the author says he has not written an indictment of war; he tells the facts. That is enough. You need not feel afraid to read this simple, moving, and often beautiful book. It deals with broken bodies, but it tells of such courage and such human kindness that it inspires hope for this race, despite our folly.

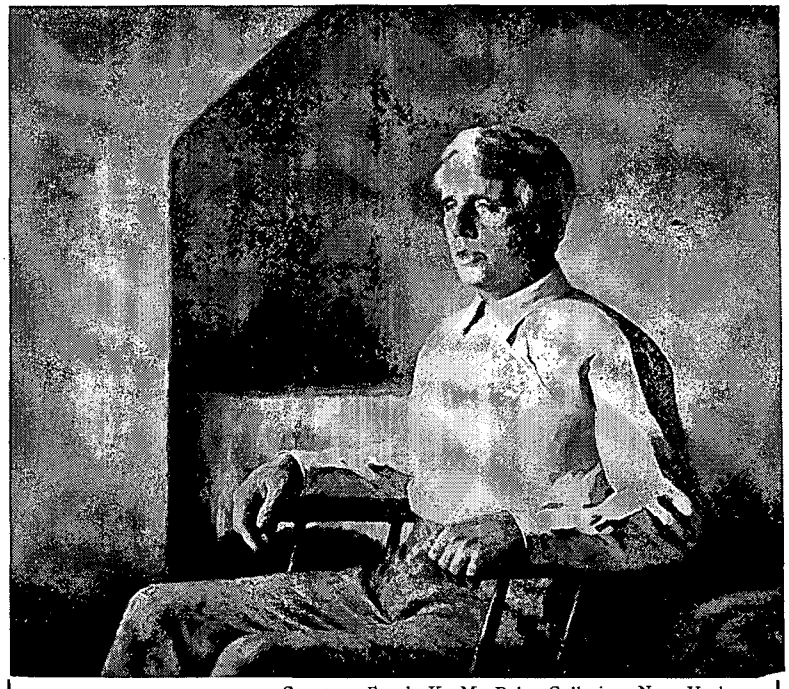
The Whistler's Room, too, has something of this brooding tenderness in its pages of the comradeship among several men in a German hospital who have been wounded in the throat. They whistle like birds, but cannot talk. Some die; some are restored by miracles of surgery. All cling together in common suffering, Germans and English prisoner. This is an idyl, written as some one has said, "with love and to awaken love."

Scanlon's God Have Mercy On Us! is a prize novel, but in fact it is no novel, nor great literature. It is a great report on how the doughboy fought the war. Nowhere else can you get an idea of the body-to-body conflict, the adventures of the squad struggling for an acre of land or a bit of woods. These minor battles with their bits of tactics, rushes, digging, hunger, cowardice are the final units of war. They carry the line forward. They test the guts of men. This novel deals in no emotions, for it is objective as a police report. It may be used as a text-book by the general staff, but will it help the Marine recruiting sergeants, now ordered to read it?

Liam O'Flaherty, in Return of the Brute, shows with all his powers of realism the slaughter of one such squad in a futile advance in the mud. The corporal is shot by the good soldier he has bullied. *C'est la guerre.*

These are bitter books. But it took courage to write them. Of all the millions these pen-men are perhaps realizing the slogans they fought for. They are enlisted in the war to end war. Their thrusts may help make the world safe for democracy.

LEON WHIPPLE



Courtesy Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries, New York

Robert Frost — *Painting by James Chapin*

The Freedom of the Moon

By Robert Frost. From the Volume, West-Running Brook, published by Henry Holt & Company, New York

I've tried the new moon tilted in the air
Above a hazy tree-and-farmhouse cluster
As you might try a jewel in your hair.
I've tried it fine with little breadth of lustre,
Alone, or in one ornament combining
With one first-water star almost as shining.

I put it shining anywhere I please.
By walking slowly on some evening later,
I've pulled it from a crate of crooked trees,
And brought it over glossy water, greater,
And dropped it in, and seen the image wallow,
The color run, all sorts of wonder follow.

Prelude to Tragedy

AUSTRALIA FELIX, *by Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton. 483 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIS book, previously published thirteen years ago in a small edition in the United States under the title The Fortunes of Richard Mahony, now reappears to take its place in the trilogy which Ultima Thule brought to a close. Like its predecessor, Australia Felix is a complete novel in its own right, secure in its power to round out the earlier phases of Richard and Mary's lives, shared during the tumult of the Australian gold rush. Those were the days when youth, high hopes and romance were one with danger, squalor and the violence that lurked within that ancient, malignant land, stretched out like a tawny beast of prey, cradling her captives, lured there on the chance of gold.

Came Richard Mahony, by profession a doctor, by tradition an Irish gentleman out of Dublin, by inclination a rover, lately become a trader in a tent, after his dreams of a fortune in the gold fields of this wild country had left him with an empty

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Woodcut by Howard Simon for Jews Without Money by Michael Gold, Horace Liveright. The jacket design, shown on page 37 is by William Siegel

wallet. With a sure hand the author draws unforgettable pictures of those small, sad settlements up-country, where men, mud and machinery were sucked into chaos. It was no place for a woman, but while in Ballarat on a visit Richard met Mary, wooed and won her, and brought her back to the cabin.

From here on we follow their joint struggles, pitted against the rigors of climate, disease and poverty. Gradually there came about a slow rise in their fortunes, drawing them again to Ballarat, where with increasing medical practice life slipped from the hazardous into comparative comfort. But it was not to last. Below the surface of their days we are obliquely made aware of ominous trends in Richard's nature—darkly veined with irrational and irritable moods that trace their fine network of contempt or despair upon his actions. Thus it happened that at the threshold of a career, he abandoned it, blind to Mary's advice, deaf to all but an inner urge deeper than reason. His practice given over, the home so precious to Mary sold under the hammer, they took their leave in a clipper ship, bound for "home" once more.

Within the circumference of this novel a whole world moves, not on the periphery alone, but created from vital sources that make even small actions significant. The same simplicity, profound and true, welling out of the human heart, weighted by circumstance, fraught with mystery, likens this work to the major Russian novelists. It is the writing of one who has pondered deeply, yet who has chosen to chronicle with insight rather than to philosophize at random over the secrets of an insoluble and invincible fate. But this realism, the richer for its wealth of detail, only makes emphatic the serene wisdom of Henry Handel Richardson.

HALLE SCHAFFNER

Man-Eater

—AND COMPANY, by Jean-Richard Bloch. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, with an Introduction by Romain Rolland. Simon and Shuster. 401 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

—AND COMPANY in its calm detachment, and smoothly flowing prose is admirable in temper and style, and doubly welcome in a time of feverish and staccato novels and ex-confessions. M. Bloch has designed his novel from the material of the social and industrial changes that were characteristic of French life from 1870 to 1890. The Simler family, Alsatian Jews, refuse to stay in Alsace, newly German; the two adult sons reconnoiter and they decide on Vendeuvre, a sleepy manufacturing town not far from Paris. The Simlers have been cloth-weavers for two generations; old Hippolyte, the patriarch of the tribe, and even though an autocrat very much the fine, traditional patriarch. The move to Vendeuvre brings a revolution—a mild one, but nevertheless important. The two sons, Guillaume and Joseph, while devoting themselves to the business of the *Etablissements Simler,* and their family, feel the futility of working only to make the business greater, the families richer, more like the French provincial society. Joseph had one chance to escape—by marriage with Hélène Le Pleynier, —but his racial and family loyalty prevented, and he married Elisa Stern, who was more of a Simler than any of the rest of them.

The later generations, if they don't prove decadent and lazy, will escape; so, at least, the critic of the family, Ben, the cousin who became an American millionaire, predicts to Louis, Joseph's son. But privately, one has little hope of that. It took Ben's blowsy ruthlessness to make escape possible, and Louis is more finely put together and less adventurous.

M. BLOCH has drawn effectively a portrait of the period: here one watches the slow change from the patriarchal factory, where owners and workers worked together and knew each other's tempers and troubles and pocketbooks (this relationship is by no means idealized) to the modern factory of machines, speed, output, efficiency, and millions in turnover. I can think of no novel that depicts this change so well. This seems to re-create where others sketch. In his characterizations M. Bloch is less successful. That is not to say that he fails, for his Simlers and his French provincials all are individual and have a real vitality, but they are people seen at a distance rather than near at hand. As a Jewish family they are not so memorable, nor so alive, as G. B. Stern's galaxy in The Matriarch; Joseph Simler is neither so articulate as Dr. Levy of Ludwig Lewisohn's Mid-Channel, nor so well realized. Curiously—or perhaps it isn't odd at all—M. Bloch seems more successful with non-Jewish portraiture. Hélène Le Pleynier's portrait is a masterpiece. True, she is the most articulate of all the people in the book, but she is also the most complex and most reserved: the people of Vendeuvre called her The Clandestine.

"Do you know," said Ben, before he migrated to America, "what it is that makes life worth the trouble of living? I am going to tell you, I, Stern, Benjamin, of Turckheim, Haut-Rhin, who knows what he is saying, and speaks only when he is sober: it is, first of all, to construct the machine, and then break it." Ben was the only one of the lot who succeeded in keeping himself free enough to break the machine after he had built it. He repeats to the next generation: "In the first beginning, there was *Simler*—alone, like God. And then *Simler* grew, and, conscious of his solitude, like God, he created the *Company,* as God created the world. Then, the *Company* grew also. And there happened to Simler what happens to all people who found businesses, the business devours the man, '— & *Co.*' is devouring *Simler,* and if you don't take great care, you yourself, I mean, there will be no *Simler* left. You understand? Nothing left at all."

COLEY TAYLOR

New York City

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The Children's League of Nations

NOT so very long ago it was easy to guess the probable contents of the child's book about that country so far, far across the sea, or away, *'way* over the desert. It was simple to prophesy what would happen to little Bastien when, through the machinations of a wily kidnapper, he let go his nurse's hand on the marvelous Bois de Boulogne (described at length). You knew that John Stewart, lounging with apparent unconcern on the nearest bench, would effect a rescue after heartbreaking days of anxiety on the part of *le bon père et la chère maman,* and that he would eventually lead the confiding Bastien back to a home reeking with gratitude for ze brave Americain and oozing French customs, history and bouillabaisse.

If Gretchen were the heroine, things seemed just as inevitable. She and little Heinrich played happily outside the *gemütlich* peasant home singing folk songs, the kindly neighbor told fairy-tales diluted just sufficiently with Grimm and Anderson to irritate the reader and make the eyes of Gretchen and Heinrich pop out of their heads by order of the author; there would be a sudden flurry of rain, a clatter of hoofs—the Excellenz himself appeared and asked for shelter from the storm. Would Gretchen and Heinrich ever forget *that* night (spread out over a hundred pages or so)? Ach, but no!

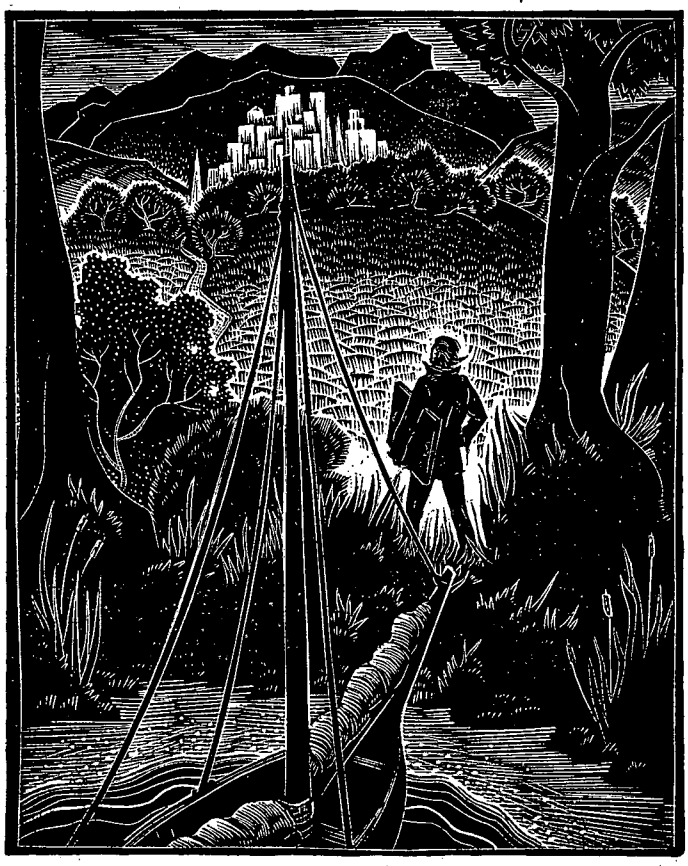
Naturally, this kind of book was not one to promote love for Bastien or Gretchen,—or for Esteban, Chi Foo or Sigurd, all similarly treated. However, they cannot be said to have suffered more than the Ethels and Johns of America's own diluted boarding-school and football type of book. Charity having been well begun at home, with Ethel and John no longer tolerated by the finer and more progressive publishers, it was determined to make their prototypes in foreign countries equally representative of the higher standards in children's literature. To quote from one of the reports of the American Library Association:

> The books which instill in children a love and appreciation of countries other than their own are not the books written expressly for that purpose, but those which depict children as children, experiencing life in a foreign country, just as the child experiences life in his own. Unconsciously, a love of the country is instilled, with great force and power, because it has become the home of a friend.

The League of Nations recognized this truth, and, through the cooperation of Madame Stokowski of Philadelphia, issued from the International Bureau of Education at Geneva a most interesting report. Compiled by Mlle. Weber, this report listed children's books of the various countries, by authors ranging from Anatole France and Kipling to Helen Bennerman of Little Black Sambo fame. It was, therefore, necessarily both heterogeneous and stimulating, and directed public interest toward a fertile field of investigation and classification. Our own New York Public Library, under the direction of Mary Gould Davis, has made an extensive report on Foreign Books Suitable for Use in American Children's Rooms. Over twenty countries thus receive representation, in their original languages, on the shelves of our children's rooms in public libraries. The books on this list have been selected by librarian experts, and represent as nearly as possible the most representative children's books of each nation.

In response to this literary wanderlust, Arabia, Norway, Ireland, Finland, Spain, Greece, France, India, China, Japan, Poland, Persia and many others have, during the past year, been brought close to our young bookworms. There has been a refreshing absence of both direct propaganda and stale material. The authors have, consciously or unconsciously, profited by the wise observations of the librarians, and have produced books in which "unconsciously, a love and appreciation of countries other than their own" is instilled. Within the modest limits of this article, it will, of course, be possible to mention only a handful of them.

CHINA and Japan, it appears to us, have been particularly fortunate in having interpreters who have revealed with especial clarity some of their less familiar angles. The Chinese Ink-Stick, by Kurt Wiese (Doubleday Doran, $2), shows us the adventures of an ink-stick by whose agency we are introduced, among other things, to original and humorous aspects of the Chinese letter-writer, to the dentist in the shape of "the tooth-worm doctor," and to a slight but charming exposition of Chinese handwriting. The spiritual aspect of Chinese art and letters is suggested. For example, in speaking of the mysterious Chinese handwriting: "If you put the two characters meaning 'heart' and 'to speak' together, you get a composite character which means 'to rejoice.' Isn't it wonderful? A heart that speaks is certainly rejoicing." In Prince Bantam, by May McNeer and Lynd Ward (Macmillan, $3), a similar service is rendered to the Japan of great traditions. This story of the tiny but indomitable Prince Yoshitzume, so appealingly pictured in his unequal struggles with a hostile country and a deceitful brother, of his gigantic henchman Great Benkei, of legendary Japan with its singing priests and its marvelous gongs, its mountain passes and its shifting dynasties, is, in addition to being a fine piece of literature, a specimen of book-making of quite unusual appeal.



God's Man. A Novel in Woodcuts by Lynd Ward. A gift book beyond compare. Cape-Smith, 140 *woodcuts, price* $3

On behalf of Ireland there are this year two contributions well worthy of consideration. Alanna, by Helen Coale Crew (Harper, $2), shows us a happy and high-spirited young girl of the Irish peasantry who visits her aunt and uncle in America. The hardships of her life in Ireland are contrasted with the relative lux-

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ury of her American surroundings. She is loyal to the poetry and beauty of her home, which are brought out unusually well, enlisting the aid of the fiddler, so integral a part of a representative Irish tale. The Tangle-Coated Horse, by Ella Young (Longmans, Green, $3), is a collection of episodes from the Fionn Saga, told with unusual beauty and poetry, and rendered doubly effective by Vera Bock's striking illustrations in black and white.

What Lawrence has done for Arabia in the grown-up world, in promoting better understanding of that country, is acknowledged to be of signal importance. For children, the Bedouin comes into his own in Eunice Tietjen's Boy of the Desert (Coward McCann, $2.50). The enviable Bedouin mode of life, hitherto characterized, perhaps, in the popular conception, simply as either "fierce" or "nomadic," is fairly set before us in this tale of the progress of seven-year-old Abdul Aziz, "Servant of the Beloved God," and his growth from a mischievous urchin into a resourceful young Arab. Incidentally, there is a most convincing description of a sorcerer's trance, and one accepts unquestioningly with Abdul the cryptic sentence therein uttered which later brings him peace and fortune. Miss Tietjen's latest book, The Romance of Antar (Coward McCann, $2.50), gives us the opportunity to become as well acquainted with the legendary Arabian hero Antar and his beautiful Ablar as we are, say with Roland or St. George.

In considering Arabia, if you love your children do not let them miss the opportunity of seeing it through the eyes of two priceless couriers, Abdallah and His Donkey, by K. O. S., the Baroness Dumbrowski (Macmillan, $2), and The Fat Camel of Bagdad, by the same author and publisher ($2). Although the tours conducted by these guides may not fall strictly within the serious province of promoting international understanding, still, page after page of infectious humor is not to be neglected. The baroness has found her inspiration in desert sands and African bazars, and Rumswiddle assuredly could not bray so convulsingly under any different geographical surroundings.

Sunny Spain has also recently been presented to us in a manner far removed from the conventional. Castles in Spain, by Bertha Gunterman (Longmans, Green, $2.50), is a collection of legends comparable in interest and originality with Irving's Alhambra. Silver Magic and The Branch of Almond Blossom are particularly characteristic, and a character such as that of the simple Pepito in the tale of The Treasure of Cardona has a clownish appeal which is both unexpected and welcome. In fact, it is a surprise to find how humor does predominate in these tales of presumably grave hidalgos. There is another recent collection, Old Tales From Spain, by Felipe Alfau (Doubleday Doran, $3), which is also well-chosen, and the stories of which are admirably contrasted. The Sails and The Feud in this volume present to us the Spain of idealism and beauty, and also the Spain whose quaint humor is unfamiliar to many of us. In this connection, a new edition of Oscar Wilde's The Birthday of the Infanta (Macmillan, $2.25), with its exquisite illustrations by Pamela Bianco, may not be overlooked.

From Norway there comes a translation of Constance Wiel Schram's Olaf, Lofoten Fisherman (Longmans, Green. $2), by Siri Andrews, one of the librarians who was instrumental in preparing the "Foreign Book" list. It is a simple and convincing story of a small boy's visit to the fisher folk of the Lofoten Islands, and we can shiver and sniff codfish as we read it. Vaino, A Lad of New Finland, by Julia Davis Adams (Dutton, $2.50), presents to us against a background of lovely folk-tales, the Finnish-Russian revolution, its heroes and its refugees.

Cover design for Commando, by Deneys Reitz. Charles Boni

AND, speaking of refugees, one of the most famous of them all, by name Ulysses, is brought again before us, with all the magic of the old Greece he invariably invokes, in The Lost King, by Helen Coale Crew (Century, $1.75). The experiment of revealing him to modern children by the aid of two imaginary children of the period is a perilous one, but it is well handled. Should one prefer one's Odyssey comparatively straight, there is a translation in a very beautiful gift edition, illustrated by N. C. Wyeth, translated by George H. Palmer (Houghton Mifflin, $5).

France is this year presented to the older girls and boys in two outstanding books, A Daughter of the Seine, by Jeannette Eaton (Harper, $2.50), and The Whirlwind, by William Stearns Davis (Macmillan, $2). The first is an unusually thoughtful and appealing biography of Madame Roland, the second a breathless romance of the French Revolution, dealing in effective fiction form with phases hitherto relegated to text-books. For the younger children there has been available for over a year The White Cat and Other French Fairy Tales (Macmillan, $3), a group of favorites selected from the classics of Madame d'Aulnois by Rachel Field, and luxuriously illustrated by Elizabeth Mackinstry—a trio of names beloved in the world of child literature.

Concerning Poland we have Under Two Eagles, by Helen Coale Crew (Little, Brown, $2). Stories about Poland are few. Under Two Eagles is somewhat disappointing, for although conscientious in execution and vivid in character delineation as is all the work of this author, little remains in the mind as outstandingly Polish despite the names, streets and towns lavishly mentioned and described. There is, it is true, a glimpse of General Pilsudski and a reference to Paderewski, but otherwise it might be the story of a poor peasant boy of almost any nationality who comes to America to seek his fortune. Another story of Poland which was published last year and received the Newberry award for the most distinguished children's book of the year is The Trumpeter of Krakow, by Eric P. Kelly (Macmillan, $2.50). This is a tale of medieval Poland, and has been a favorite with the children since its appearance.

Good books for children about Persia are also rare. The year has seen two, Myself When Young, A Boy In Persia, by Youel B. Mirza (Doubleday, $2.50), and The Ivory Throne of Persia, by Dorothy Coit (Stokes, $3.00). The little autobiography has a grave and dignified beauty, yet there is always the question whether autobiography possesses the unfailing ap-

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peal to the majority of children obtained by fiction. The Ivory Throne of Persia seems to possess a double appeal. As folk lore it is intensely interesting. It is, in addition, one of those rare books designed to help the story-teller as well as the avid little story auditor. Miss Coit's work in the King-Coit School of Acting and Design gives her an advantage which is used to its fullest and most constructive extent in the collection.

It seems fitting to close this barely-suggested group with a message from India through Dhan Gopal Mukerji's Chief of The Herd (Dutton, $2.50). Sirdar the elephant decides that "selflessness" is the rock on which a leader's life is built—a message similar in character to those which have been brought to us before, between the tusks of Mr. Mukerji's elephants, or in the beaks of his pigeons, or in the iridescence of the jungle life he pictures. If we interpret "selflessness" to be the lack of mischief-making ego which is noticeable when there is as complete an understanding between the nations as Sirdar brings to pass among his elephants, surely Mr. Mukerji would be the last to object to so free a translation. SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH
Horace Mann School

Frontispiece by Ilsa Bischoff for Karl and Anna translated from the German of Leonhard Frank by C. Brooks. Putnam

The Meaning of Gandhi

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS: *Including Selections from His Writings. By C. F. Andrews. Macmillan. 382 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST, AND OTHER LECTURES. *By Arthur J. Todd. University of Minnesota Press. 240 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

READING these two books side-by-side confirms this reviewer's conviction that it is extremely difficult if not impossible for any westerner to comprehend Gandhi. As much so as to comprehend Gautama Buddha—or, for that matter, Jesus of Nazareth. If there is a westerner who understands Gandhi it is C. F. Andrews. Nobody, unless it be Rabindranath Tagore, knows him more intimately. Andrews has lived in India for thirty years or so, saturated with its essential life; beloved and trusted by people of every sort. So completely has he embodied his faith that his initials have come to be understood as standing for "Christ's Faithful Apostle." If anyone could compose an *understanding* disclosure of Gandhi's personality and philosophy of life it would be Andrews. From no other single source in English can one so nearly *get* that as from this small volume. In it Gandhi and Andrews are curiously interwoven, even at times typographically confused—one must be vigilant to distinguish which in fact is speaking.

Yet you never really confuse them. As fully sympathetic as anyone not a Hindu—not a Gandhi—could be, Andrews nevertheless and however unconsciously so, is always "outside, looking in." To be sure, Andrews is after all not even a Gandhi disciple. He is avowedly a Christian and Gandhi is not. Tested alone by the Sermon on the Mount, Gandhi says, he could be called a Christian; but the theology known as "evangelical" leaves him cold, and the theory of blood-sacrifice is wholly abhorrent to him.

In his own words, selected by Andrews, Gandhi undertakes to explain his background of Hinduism, the geographical and historical setting of his convictions. He sets forth his quasi-religious cardinal principles: hand-weaving and the duty of patronizing home-district industries exclusively; the rigorous avoidance of every form of physical violence—sole reliance upon truth and the effectiveness of "soul-force;" abstinence from all superfluities, including every kind of stimulant; his peculiarly Hindu interpretation of the movement for the emancipation of women; his scorn of the institution of the "Untouchables . . . our shame and theirs alike."

Behold him before the judge who sent him to the jail from which he was released on the verge of death from his hunger-strike. You cannot avoid recalling that other trial, before Pilate—"Behold how many things they witness against thee. . . . What evil hath he done? . . . I am innocent of the blood of this just person. . . ."

You almost feel the judge thinking of it too. Yet in this case Gandhi confessed almost boastfully and agreed that the judge had no option but to sentence him. His teachings of non-resistance were beyond the capacity of his followers; like Peter, they could not see how to apply them without the cutting off of ears! And he himself had his apparent inconsistencies. In two wars of Great Britain, in South Africa and again in the Great War, he raised ambulance forces, received medals and was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry. He thought it might aid the cause of Indian emancipation. Perhaps one must be oriental, and an uncommon oriental, to comprehend this sublimated, other-world philosophy. Anyhow, the ordinary reader must rid himself of his most fundamental preconceptions and habits of thought; of every point of view that by any stretch of words can be called western, or even modern. Here is one whose kingdom is not of this world. The criteria of our day's commonsense are not germane.

Professor Todd nevertheless applies to Gandhi precisely those criteria, with the results inevitable. He could not; nor, I think, could any other contented representative of our civilization, taking peaceably for granted the importance and permanent value of those very essentials which Gandhi would abolish; or, rather, of which in his Sermon by the Sea he declared that they would destroy themselves.

Professor Todd's Three Wise Men of the East are Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, and Sir Jagadis Chander Bose, the Indian scientist who discerns reactions commonly called animal in the physiology of plants. He esteems Gandhi as the least effective of the three. He shows how western industrialism and education are awakening in the East forces and attitudes running greatly counter to all that Gandhi stands for. He disarms criticism and controversy by offering his little book as only what it is: a series of lectures, more or less frankly superficial, describing what he saw in the Orient, especially in India, and what he thought about it. It is rather excellently journalistic, an exceedingly good piece of (*Continued on page* 42)

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In Vienna

AN exceedingly interesting and valuable departure in international gatherings is being instituted by the quinquennial meeting of the International Council of Women to be held in Vienna, May 27 to June 9. Of course there will be a regular, and rather ambitious, program, which will include a discussion of "arbitration and the Kellogg Pact, promotion of international trade, interdependence of the economic lives of the members of the world, and measures for the protection of persons without nationality." But in addition, a series of seminar tours are being arranged that offer a rare opportunity to those who are preparing themselves for work in the field of, for example, international understanding. Mrs. Laura Puffer Morgan of the National Council for the Prevention of War, will personally head a group to study the League of Nations, the Institute of Intellectual Cooperation, the International Labour Office, the Permanent Court of International Justice; and they will come into intimate contact with key people not only in Switzerland, but England, France and Germany.

Women of the stamp of Dr. Valeria H. Parker, honorary president of the National Council of Women of the United States, and Mrs. Walter McNabb Miller, actively associated with President Hoover's White House Conference on Child Welfare, will be in charge of social hygiene and public health groups, respectively. There are to be at least six such tours, and further information can be obtained from the National Council of Women, 480 Lexington Avenue, or the World Acquaintance Travel, 29 West 49 Street—both in New York.

A visit to Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play, receptions by the Municipality of Vienna, the National Council of Women of Austria, and at Schönbrunn, one of the suburban palaces; a gala performance at the opera, a colorful evening of folk songs and dances, give assurance of recreation as well.

Vacation Suggestions: Russia

"THAT pre-revolutionary Russia," says John Dewey, "was an interesting part of the globe in which to visit goes without saying. That the U.S.S.R. of today is much more interesting and that it has a new significance for the intelligent traveler should also go without saying. Its artistic treasures are still there, while those open to the public have enormously increased. Present Russia is in addition a great social experiment station. In industry, agriculture, the theater and in almost every line of education, in the diffusion of popular culture, in its new schools, it offers abundant material for study."

BEGIN at Leningrad, home of the Hermitage Museum—rich in art treasures—and of Professor Pavlov's famous psychological laboratory; and go to Moscow, "generating" center of the new regime, and a fine observation point for the theater, workers' clubs, factories, schools and children's communities. Overnight to Nijni-Novgorod, and then by boat down the Volga, with stops at Kazan, the capital of the Tartar republic; Samara, a large provincial city; Saratov, a city founded by German colonists; to Stalingrad, where a large tractor plant is being built with the aid of American engineers. Across the steppes by train to Rostov-on-Don. Here trips can readily be made to large Soviet grain farms and peasant "collectives" to see the progress of socialized farming. By train to Vladikavkaz, trad-

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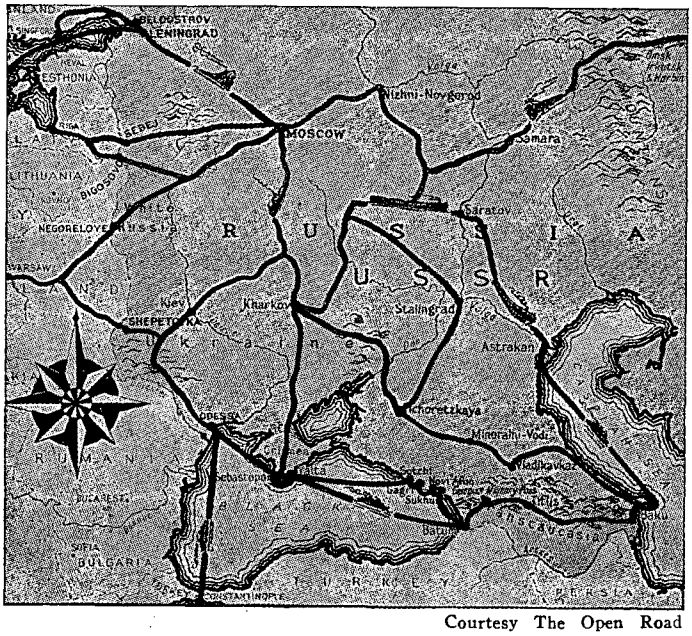

Courtesy The Open Road

ing point for picturesque mountain tribes; and then by motor across the Caucasus on the Georgian Military Highway, one of the most beautiful mountain roads in Europe, to Tiflis, a city that smacks of the Orient, with its Persian, Turkish and other racial inhabitants. Then to Batum, and by boat along the Black Sea coast to Yalta: formerly the Riviera of the nobility, it affords a fine contrast between the old and the new, for its summer palaces now serve as rest homes and sanitariums for workers and children. Through Tartar villages by car to Bakhtchiserai, ancient capital of the Crimea, on to Sevastopol, with its palace of the Khans, historically important in the Crimean War. By train to Kharkov, economic and educational center of the Ukraine. Then to Kiev, one of the oldest cities in eastern Europe, and for centuries the religious center of old Russia. This is a good radius for visiting Ukrainian peasant villages. And finally across the Russian border to Warsaw.

(Outlined by Hannah Pickering of The Open Road, 20 West 43 Street, New York.)

A NUMBER of students of economics are organizing a trip to Russia in the summer of 1930 for the purpose of observing at first hand the present stage of development of the country under the Five Year Economic Plan.

The itinerary is planned to include a survey of the leading features of Soviet economy, industrial and agricultural, and the stay in Moscow is made long enough to allow members of the group to meet active leaders of present-day Russia, and to obtain access to statistical data. Thirty-five days will be spent in Russia, to be distributed approximately as follows:

Moscow	9 days
Leningrad	3 "
Nijni Novgorod and Volga (by steamer)	5 "
Stalingrad (tractor factories)	2 "
North Caucasus (State and collective farms)	3 "
Donetz Basin and Dnieprostroy (steel, coal and electric power)	8 "
Kharkov and Kiev (cultural centers, with excursions to villages)	5 "
	35 days

The cost of the Russian end of the trip will be $455 per person for a group of ten. A special car on trains will be assigned provided the group numbers twenty-two. The party will leave Berlin for Moscow on the evening of July 7, and will depart from Russia on August 13 by routes convenient to individual members of the party.

Anyone interested in joining the group should communicate *at once* with Professor Henry R. Seager, Columbia University, New York City.

Visits to Soviet Russia

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Observation of folkways and peasant handicrafts. Itinerary includes Moscow, the Caucasus, Crimea, Ukrainian villages. *Leader*: Fjeril Hess. A seven weeks trip, thirty days in Russia. Membership limited to eight. Registrations open. Sailing: *S. S. Europa*, May 14th. Probable cost, including round trip tourist third steamship passage, $863.

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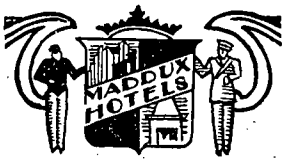

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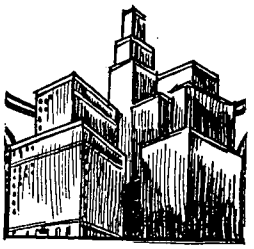

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LETTERS & LIFE

(*Continued from page* 39)

reporting, by a keen, intelligent, uncommonly fair-minded and objective observer who takes pains with facts and states his own opinions temperately. But he is always incurably western and modern, taking for granted that "progress" *is* progress. I know no other book giving within so small a compass or so modestly so illuminating a panorama of the merging and conflict of ancient oriental and modern western cultures. It is, as Professor Todd says, "only a man, talking," but it is good talk.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Thank God for Helen Keller

MIDSTREAM, *by Helen Keller. Doubleday, Doran. 347 pp. Price* $3.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WE wondered if she could do it again. Could she in her maturity maintain that extraordinary elevation, that high poetic, dauntless, joyous *enthusiasm for life,* which astonished the readers of her earlier books? We heard rumors that she had gone on the vaudeville stage and become a socialist,—sobering experiences both. Could she still surpass the best of us, despite her double handicap, by seizing and holding better than we do, the world's opportunities for work, play, love and worship?

Well, for me, she *has* done it again. William James' conclusion after his psychological studies of her is still the truest verdict, and I echo it with all my heart in 1930: "The sum of it is that you are *a blessing* and I'll kill anyone who says you are not."

The present story begins with her college life and her graduation from Radcliffe and her establishment with Mr. and Mrs. Macy (the latter her teacher) in the country at Wrentham, Massachusetts. It continues with her intimate friendships with Alexander Graham Bell, with Andrew Carnegie and especially with Mark Twain. Her portraits of these men are so well done that I, for one, hope she will include some biographic studies among her future writings. She has the essential qualifications of a biographer, and if she can obtain the necessary links of connection with her materials, I predict that she can give us in this field of work new examples of her capacity as an artist and a public servant. Surely good biographic writing is public service of a high order.

Miss Keller at Hollywood helping to build up a film about her life is less successful than in her later career as a public speaker (with Mrs. Macy's help) on the vaudeville stage. I have heard it said that she earned there one of the largest vaudeville salaries on record. Finally she found her real vocation in national service to the cause of the blind, a profession in which she is interrupted but for the time by the writing of this book.

It is a generous, a glowing, a grateful book. To her teacher, Miss Sullivan, later Mrs. Macy, she gives again and again the credit for all she has been enabled to accomplish. I suppose such an extraordinary partnership of two human souls has never existed before upon this earth.

I feel again as I did after reading The World I Live In that Helen Keller gets as much from the use of her three remaining senses as the rest of us do from our five, because we all get much more than we have the energy to use while she uses all that she gets. Her net income of valuable *sensation* is greater than ours, quite apart from her rich resources of thought and imagination. She shows us how careless and wasteful we are.

But my strongest new impression is that in her friendships with Mark Twain, A. G. Bell and others, she created by the eagerness of her appreciation, she called forth in them by the vigor of her personality, something that was not in them before —something better than they had to give to others. When they talked to her of what was before their eyes they saw more there in the world than they did before she came to rouse them to their best. Therefore, even at second hand, even through the eyes and ears of her friends, she saw and heard more of the colored and sounding world than the average person does,

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because she gave them the power to seize such a bulk of new experiences, that even at second hand they summed up to more in Miss Keller's gleanings than "normal" people can take in as they carelessly reap what is before them. This is why she is such a blessing. She is so much more alive than most of us that she can dower us with some of her superfluent vitality. Her cup runs over; and we quench our thirst on her abundance.

I saw her recently at the fiftieth anniversary of her college. There was speaking and music and the distinguished company present doubtless enjoyed themselves and the occasion. But as I compared their decorous and contented faces with Miss Keller's, they looked lifeless by comparison. She lived so much more richly, so much more alertly than the celebrated persons around her that I was almost afraid they might venture too near her and burn themselves at the flame of her magnificent life. Then and now after reading this book I thanked God for Helen Keller.

RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Interpreter of Life in Law

THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES, *arranged with Introductory Notes by Alfred Lief, with a Foreword by George W. Kirchwey. Vanguard Press. 314 pp. Price $4.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: "I know not, my Lord, how you may conceive the law, but if you affirm it, it must be the law to all generations."

Lord Chief Justice Popham: "Nay, we do not conceive the law; we know the law."—*Trial of Raleigh.*

Or, as a further prologue, to quote from one of the dissenting opinions of Justice Holmes: "I also think that the statute is unconstitutional, and but for the decision of my brethren I should have felt pretty clear about it."

When a layman ponders on the nature of the judicial process (which is not often) he is likely to think it resembles a trick of legerdemain in which the rabbit decision is pulled from the hat, the substance of the law. He considers it the business of lawyers and judges to "know the law." Therefore, when courts divide and dissenting opinions appear they puzzle him somewhat.

Of course, the practically infinite series arising from the permutations of the facts in the relationships of human beings to each other constantly brings before the courts new combinations. And the ever shifting economic and social conditions of mankind produce new facts too rapidly for the nimblest legal logic to keep pace with the formation of new situations. The judges may "know the law," but to see how it applies to the fresh instance—there's the rub.

Whoever may be the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, so long as Oliver Wendell Holmes sits on that bench he is easily chief of the justices in the hearts of his countrymen. His vigorous intelligence has long pondered on human experience as it comes to a focus in the problems of law. The abrasive years do not dull but rather sharpen the acuteness of his thought; the fires in his heart do not die. His mind strikes sparks on the legal flint. His pungent remarks constantly delight, even when they arouse opposition in the mind of the reader.

It is natural that this group and that of those declaring themselves liberals should sieze upon some utterance of Justice Holmes and proclaim him one of themselves. And he is liberal, though of no particular group. Yet, as Dr. Kirchwey points out in his introduction to this book, the opinions in which Justice Holmes "has given expression to the judgment of the court, or in which he has concurred in its judgment, outnumber, in the ratio of eight or ten to one, those in which he has felt it necessary to record his dissent."

A clue to the philosophy underlying his ratiocination in the opinions appears in an introductory essay on Natural Law, from the writings of the justice. Alfred Lief, editor of the volume under review, has done admirable work in his clear concise syllabi of the facts and the majority opinions. With such introductions the opinions following appear with invarying lucidity. By omitting citations, Mr. Lief removes an impediment to reading. He has brought the coherence of a whole out of the numerous opinions, which otherwise might appear a

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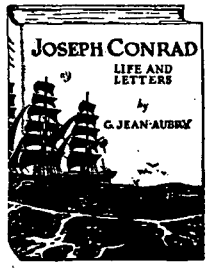

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collection of fragments, by assembling them in related groups under the headings: On Hampering Social Experiments; On Infringing upon Freedom; On Encroaching upon the States; On Usurping Power; On Escaping Taxes. Partly as an antidote to a false sense of the dissidence of dissent, the book presents at the end several majority opinions written by Justice Holmes. A number of excepts from other majority opinions of his further disclose the richness of his mind.

This gathering of these opinions from the numerous law volumes through which they are scattered and bringing them into a single volume available to those mentally alive persons who can enjoy reading them was well worth the doing.

New York Bar HASTINGS LYON

Hero and Saint

AGGREY OF AFRICA, *by Edwin W. Smith. Richard R. Smith, Inc. 292 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

PERHAPS no volume published this year deserves more to be studied as an intimate account of Christian saintliness together with heroism of the purest type, than this life and death of Aggrey of Africa. The Phelps-Stokes trustees have done a signal service not only to the Christian church but to humanity by taking the initiative for this biography. This foresight in setting forward the work and obtaining the uninterrupted service of the one man who could rightly undertake the task, the Rev. Edwin W. Smith, has been richly rewarded; for the whole book reads like a romance, yet every page is filled with homely and simple deeds that win the heart.

There is no attempt to "write up" Aggrey's life. The singularly impressive facts are left to tell their own story with a unique pathos. In all their bare simplicity they record an adventure of Christian love and faith in modern history that would appear to be almost incredible and unimaginable if it were not documented on every hand by letters and manuscripts. The eagerness of Aggrey's friends to help in Mr. Smith's task is also manifest. To Aggrey's wife we are perhaps indebted most of all, though by her own wish she remains almost out of sight.

Aggrey's genius was the genius of loving fellowship and friendship. He had so completely cast out from his own heart every root of racial bitterness, in spite of unbearable racial insults, that nothing remained but the purest love, eager to find response even among those whose first instinct was to repel it. The biography is given a sub-title, An Apostle of Laughter. He is also called an Apostle of Goodwill. The music of laughter in his heart made him incapable of harboring a thought of resentment. This at last completely won its way and did more in a single generation to break down race prejudice, where it was most deeply seated in the earth, than any other single force.

It is not possible to state too strongly the admiration which arises as one reads the heroic story of what Aggrey endured with a laugh. Along with admiration must necessarily go a sense of shame to anyone who belongs to the race which caused a tender heart like his such suffering and pain. Perhaps there is no greater evil in the world today than this root of poisonous bitterness, which has struck deep into the very soul of mankind, owing to the growth of racial contempt for those who are so unjustly and cruelly called inferior races. The only antidote which entirely eliminates any appeal to violence, is the spirit of Aggrey. The spiritual leaders of humanity from the time of Gautama, the Buddha, onwards, up to the supreme teaching of Jesus Christ himself, have laid down the principle that mere retaliation only increases the evil instead of destroying it. On the other hand, pure goodness has the power of extracting the poison from human life and recreating that which is wholesome. "Evil," said Gautama the Buddha, "cannot be overcome by evil. Evil can only be overcome by good."

This book is a commentary on that early text, which Christ reestablished by His own words in the sermon on the Mount. We are apt to underestimate what Milton has called in a magnificent phrase "the irresistible might of meekness;" but when we see it portrayed in the life of a troubadour of God, such as St. Francis of Assisi, and in our own days by Aggrey of Africa, we understand its infinite effectiveness.

One word must be said of (*Continued on page* 46)

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(*Continued from page* 44) grateful memory to the Phelps-Stokes Foundation for the undivided help and support which it gave to Aggrey of Africa throughout. Dr. Anson Phelps-Stokes and Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones never failed Aggrey at any crisis. Without the help of the foundation his life might have again and again been hindered in its central purpose and much of its usefulness impaired. As we study what really was accomplished, it is easy to understand how the generous supporters, who were at the back of Aggrey in his great Christian adventure of faith, sustained him to the very end.

In every sense of the word this book is remarkable and nothing could be wished for more, with a view to breaking down racial bitterness, than for such a volume as this to be widely read and also passed on from one reader to another, so that its story may be taken in again and again and its spirit assimilated.

C. F. ANDREWS

Poet on a Tower

DEAR JUDAS, *by Robinson Jeffers. Horace Liveright. 129 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE poet stands in his tower upon the Californian sea-edge, looking out toward the sea. His tower is of stone which he has himself lifted piece upon piece from the nearby shore, laboring with the heavy masses of granite. It turns away from the land, from the little town, and from humankind. Poet and tower turn from the trivial, face only the elements—the sea beating upon the granite; the winds shredding the little hopeful tree-shoots; the wheeling stars. This man in his solitude endures the passion of contemplation as though he would pierce through to very reality itself. He is a bronze mystery; the lone hawk; the Adam of Michael Angelo touching the finger of God.

Dear Judas, the new volume by Robinson Jeffers, does not deal with subjects of sexual tragedy as did Tamar and Roan Stallion. But dramatic horror pervades the work, tempered on the one hand by an intense compassion; on the other, by a sublime detachment. The title poem presents a new interpretation of the personalities of Jesus and of Iscariot. The Loving Shepherdess, a longer poem, a tale of the California coast, surpasses in quality of feeling and in the superb simplicity of its utterance, anything that has before come from the pen of Jeffers.

In the shorter poems Jeffers looks upon the life of human beings and finds its cruelty almost beyond enduring:

> the hopeless prostration of the earth
> Under men's hands and their minds,
> The beautiful places killed like rabbits to make a city,
> The spreading fungus, the slime-threads
> And spores; my coast's obscene future. . . .

Then he changes the focus of his vision, takes on an immense and cosmic perspective, sees man as a trivial, inquisitive animal amusing himself unimportantly, whose duration upon the earth is a spectral episode among the millennia.

The eventual reality, the dark glory, remains. While the descendant of the ape plays with himself and his toys, love and the arts, the mind of the poet, the creator, in its solitude intensely listening, sensitizes itself to the greater, richer awareness, pierces through to the realities awaiting recognition, breaks through the surface of life to the core.

Editor, The Carmelite PAULINE G. SCHINDLER

The Judgment of 1930

ART IN AMERICA, *by Suzanne LaFollette. Harper. 361 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIS is a stimulating, briskly-phrased book for the general reader, a critical review of American crafts, architecture, painting and sculpture from our earliest days to the present. And with over a hundred illustrations. Naturally it is easier to be final about the past than the present, since the importance of living artists must meet the judgment of 1940 or '50, and so naturally the reader will find more satisfaction in the rest of the book than in the final chapters. It would be easy to say that Miss LaFollette has attempted to cover too much, that she might have left some of her fields for other books. The other books are not written. Now they may be.

American art is discussed in the light of the colonists' origins

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and the economic condition of the early days; in the hard-up, isolated days of the new republic; in the days of material expansion; in the days of cultural insecurity—for which the author has a good word, for while native progress was retarded by great art purchases abroad, at least native taste was benefiting by a glimpse of the plunder—the impetus of the exposition of 1876, the revolutionary effect of the Armory show of 1913. Nothing is out of its social background. In describing the Romanesque buildings of the architect Richardson, for instance, she reminds us that his period was that of the railway strike of 1877, the Haymarket riot, the Homestead strike. She gives space to the dumb-bell tenement, prize winner of 1879, as well as to the chateaux and palaces, the classical railway stations and libraries. If you think art books none of your affair and that you already "know what you like," consider this passage ot architectural comment:

These figures [from the International Labor Office] cover the period from 1921 to 1928; and they show that where, of building permits issued in 1921 in 257 American cities, fifty-eight per cent were for one-family houses and twenty-four per cent for apartment buildings, in 1928 fifty-four per cent were for apartment buildings and only thirty-five per cent for one-family houses.

And more. If Copley means mainly to you the name of a set of good reproductions; if you take Abbey and Vedder for granted as you did in your highschool days; if it has never occurred to you to wonder why Duveneck's paintings have the coloring of the Dutch school or why a Sargent show at the Grand Central galleries is like a tea party; if most of American sculpture leaves you cold, or worse if it doesn't; if you miss beautiful human beings in modern paintings; and endless other if's—here is a provocative book. Miss LaFollette has used her eyes, digested many books, articles, letters and conversations. She must be put with Lewis Mumford and Walter Pach, sturdy lumbermen who clear the brush so that the trees may prosper.

FLORENCE LOEB KELLOGG

Middle-of-the-Road Planning

MASTERING A METROPOLIS, *by R. L. Duffus. Harper & Brothers. 302 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

PERSUASION, not coercion, will bring about the adoption of the regional plan for New York and its environs lately completed after seven years of research and an expenditure of one million dollars. This is a paraphrasing of several significant observations in a significant book by Robert L. Duffus—a book which (if we may dare predict along with the regional planners who picture for us the city of 1965) should be one of the chief instruments to bring about the desired result. Ten detailed and highly technical volumes of findings and recommendations reflect the labors of the last seven years of the Regional Plan Committee. One volume by Mr. Duffus presents and interprets the essentials of the plan in a way both fascinating and illuminating to the lay reader. Transit and transportation, harbors and waterways, highways, parks and park-ways, recreational areas, "neighborhoods," waste lands, skyscrapers—within a compass of less than three hundred pages we learn how the tangles and congestion of the region came into being; how and why it has come about that in the year 1930, 86 per cent of the population in the region is jammed into ninety-seven square miles, while the remaining 14 per cent is spread over two hundred miles, or 68 per cent of the area. But, in addition, the plan itself whereby conditions can be ameliorated, regulated and controlled so as to make this same region in 1965 with twice its present population of ten millions a more desirable habitat, is held under the magnifying glass of the trained interpreter.

Mr. Duffus shows how the planners have aimed at a middle course between two opposite and extreme conceptions—that of a practical policy which does not extend beyond the concrete and the present, and that of an idealistic dream based solely upon the abstract and the future. Blended together, the result is a policy which possesses soul as well as flesh and blood, an ideal based on realities, tempered by the flights of fancy. Apply this policy to the City of the Future and the last chapter of the book emerges.

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of this last chapter first. Then with the objective clearly in mind, the steps necessary toward its achievement form a logical sequence of recommendations. Envisage this city as created per the prescription of the Regional Plan, and as Mr. Duffus points out, the city of 1965 will achieve the purpose of a great metropolis as it is not achieved today. An airplane view will reveal the fact that in three and a half decades congestion will not have increased in the center of the city, and yet the functions that properly belong to a great metropolis will remain. Land will be put to its proper uses. Many a real estate speculator of 1930 may in 1965 wish that "birth control of lots" had been exercised at that earlier date. All this, and much more, provided plans wisely made today are forthwith adopted.

But, as Frederick A. Delano says in the foreword to Mr. Duffus' book, no matter how wisely conceived plans may be they will be significant in civic development only if they are both understood and enthusiastically endorsed by all citizens and civic organizations whose support is necessary to their execution. Understood they will surely be if this book is read. Endorsed, at least in substance, they should be, if understood. Our suggestion is this: make the study of this volume an integral part of a course in democracy in the school system of the region, for after all though the citizen of today has his share in creating the city of tomorrow, the real burden—or privilege—will fall to the lot of the citizens now in the making. Here is an instrument to help mould his thoughts in accordance with a plan that is "not a mere attempt to escape from existing evils, but a proposal to take the natural and man-made foundations that we have and upon them to erect the most splendid metropolis—the most magnificent regional community the world has ever known." Perhaps since this is the authorized popularization of the plan, it is to be put to such a use. And, we might add, to understand and appreciate the plan for the New York Region is to understand the principles underlying all regional planning, and it is with this thought in mind that Mr. Duffus has handled his material.

LOULA D. LASKER

Little Acorns of the Theater

FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA, *by Kenneth Macgowan. Harcourt-Brace. 398 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE American drama and theater are in the hands of the vivisectionists. Alarmists see clearly the symptoms of a decline. The people who regard it purely as a money-earning occupation, stage-hands, truckmen, scenic artists, ticket speculators, have it behind the bars for failure to pay. The real estate interests lament largely for the same reason. The actors have nothing to say—literally and figuratively. The public that the drama has always served regards the troubled and dishevelled muse with contempt, satisfied to leave its fate with its dubious consorts. Everybody knows just what is wrong, but nobody will do anything to help.

Now comes Kenneth Macgowan with a book that is pure diagnosis of conditions. With the instinct of the showman he has titled it, Footlights Across America, dramatic enough for a survey undertaken for the Carnegie Corporation and the Adult Education Association. And he keeps it dramatic from cover to cover. As a reviewer for first-line newspapers through that decade now getting a little mauve, when the ambition of a reviewer was to be famous as an epigramatist rather than as a critic, Macgowan was always better as a critic than as a master of epigram. This and his career as a producer assure his book respectful consideration. It is an arresting and provocative compendium, sane and thorough in its analysis and withal free from personal bias or pedantic opinion.

Footlights Across America pivots on the idea of a "national theater" as an institution rather than as an industry, and Macgowan seems to have found in the little theaters, the community theaters and the college theaters liberally scattered throughout the country, the greatest hope for a national theater. As these are mostly "amateur" in the true sense, Macgowan's book should be read with an avid interest by some two or three hundred thousand persons today actively engaged throughout the country in home-brew dramatics that in many cases excel the productions offered by the commercial theater. The amount

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of information, as useful as it is interesting, packed in Footlights Across America is staggering. As a "survey" it naturally carries a heavy load of statistics, but these are presented so that any theater director or producer worthy of the title will find himself analyzing the tables with intense curiosity.

Mr. Macgowan advocates the advisability of a central bureau for the exchange of ideas and mutual help to which all organized theaters, whether "little" or big, should acknowledge a measure of allegiance. As the "little" theater is the fruit of a rebellion from a too patently *organized* theater, it is doubtful if a central bureau is the Valhalla of these insurgents. It is a fine idea and possibly a desideratum, but it is still true that a child burns his fingers at a stove only once. Organization, because of its abuses, is in disrepute and this writer believes that so far as the theater is concerned, any attempt to harness the little theaters of the country up to any collective rules and regulations will be regarded by these avocationalists with great suspicion. There have been too many such efforts from ulterior motives and selfish interests, and the important little theaters throughout the country have grown by experience to regard any attempt at amalgamation as a danger-signal.

General Manager WALTER HARTWIG
National Little Theater Tournament

Interpreting the Negro

ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE. *Edited with an Introduction by V. F. Calverton. The Modern Library. 535 pp. Price 95 cents postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

A COMPREHENSIVE anthology of fiction, short plays, poetry, folk-songs, essays, literary and sociological, autobiography, representing the artistic self-expression of the American Negro, in over five hundred pages of the format and reasonableness of the Modern Library, is surely not a gift horse to be looked too hard in the mouth. Indeed, we should be thankful for this useful compilation. Mr. Calverton's editing is comprehensive and sympathetic. Five years of accumulative discussion and criticism since the heralding of the "New Negro" and the "Negro Renaissance" have made that possible and relatively easy. But what real students of this movement in the cultural life of the American Negro need most at present is perhaps more an analysis of trends than a mere summary; at all events what they would trust more implicitly would be an authoritative critical interpretation. Mr. Calverton's selections, especially on the sociological side, do not support his dicta —so cocksurely given in the introduction that one reasonably expects them to be supported in the body. So the prime value of the book remains at the reportorial level, as a summary from which the reader may get a tolerably rounded picture of the contemporary Negro, and draw his own conclusions.

On the literary side, the selections are representative: in fiction especially some of the best work of Toomer, Walrond, Rudolph Fisher and Claude McKay is included. The sample chapters from Negro novelists offer a good conspectus of style and approach, if not of plot and philosophy. On poetry, undoubtedly the preeminent field of Negro genius to date, the editing is too tolerant or too undiscriminating, except when following the beaten paths of several prior anthologies. Especially is the section of folk material untypical and mediocre —a point to be expected, perhaps, since the feeling for folk values can rarely be gotten from the outside.

But on the sociological side where one would wish the keenest cross-section of Negro thought and opinion, the anthology is not on the whole authoritative. Not because it does not include competent reporters, but because they are not selected at their best. Benjamin Brawley's critique of Negro fiction is obviously out of sympathy with modern trends in fiction and ignores DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, not to mention the Negro writers of fiction quoted in the anthology itself, and so capable a social interpreter as Charles S. Johnson is represented by a minor, reportorial account of Negro migration. Abram Harris's The Negro and the New Economic Life is thus outstanding, when it should be in alignment with a phalanx of articles showing social self-portraiture and self-criticism. That the articles of Franklin Frazier on the Negro bourgeoisie and of George Schuyler on the Negro as the foil of Nordic superiority compensations attempt such criticism without any too suc-

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cessfully achieving it, is no extenuation. For it shows that the objective of social self-interpretation was intended, but not attained in the sociological set-up of the volume. One is not ungrateful for an invaluable handy manual, but the anthology that will finally satisfy must be more of an interpreter and guide.

ALAIN LOCKE
Howard University

O Pseudo-Attic Shape!

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, *by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. 162 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE comparison of this book to a Greek medallion is obvious: it consists of three or four figures standing out from a conventionalized pastoral background which is indicated by only a few lines. The chief of those figures is Chrysis, the Woman of Andros, made conspicuous by her beauty and set apart superficially by her profession of hetaira, but more fundamentally in the insular society of Brynos, by her intelligence. Thornton Wilder has developed one of his favorite themes, the pitifully groping loneliness of the human soul, which reaches tragedy when the quality of that soul is fine enough. "It was Chrysis' reiterated theory of life that all human beings—save a few mysterious exceptions who seemed to be in possession of some secret from the gods—merely endured the slow misery of existence, hiding as best they could their consternation that life had no wonderful surprise after all and that its most difficult burden was the incommunicability of love." This is the important tragedy of the book, beside which Chrysis' own death and that of Glycerium and her child are but passing events: Chrysis trying to break out of emotional imprisonment by gathering about her a houseful of derelicts to love, seeing the shadow of release in her professional relations, looking for it in the half-understanding admiration of the youths at her banquets. She glimpses its reality briefly in Pamphilus' understanding, only to know that she must give it up. So she dies with resigned praise for "the world and all living. All that is, is well."

It is difficult to find fault with The Woman of Andros; it is so literate, so intelligent and so full of sweet epigrams to be rolled under the tongue of the mind. But it misses somewhere, perhaps because of its very smoothness. The despair is too well controlled. Chrysis' measured pacing of tragedy is far less moving than, for instance, the frantic scurryings of Alix in The Cabala. The answer may be that for all Wilder's appreciation of the classic traditions, it takes a Greek to carve a Greek medallion.

MARJORIE MCFARLAND

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JOHN MERRILL'S PLEASANT LIFE, *by Alice Beal Parsons. Dutton. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

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BEULAH AMIDON

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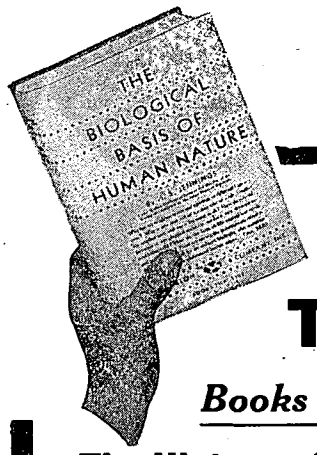

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WHEN DETROIT'S OUT OF GEAR

(*Continued from page* 14)

his work back. A day or so afterward two women came to see her from the company and left her a little card which they told her to give to her husband to take to the plant the next morning.

My visit with Martha was on the day that her husband had taken the card and every little while throughout the conversation she would say, "I guess he didn't get it or he would have been back." And then a little later, "He would have been back to tell me if he had gotten it." And then, "I guess he didn't get it." We heard a quick step on the porch and Martha caught her breath. Tiburnias came in, his face alight and looking straight at Martha, without even seeing the rest of us, he called to her, "Well, I've got my old job back."

EVEN if one could end every family story with words so laden with a happy significance as "I've got my old job back," the tale would not be told. There is next winter coming for the Sidlicks, with Martha's baby bringing extra pressure to bear; there are all the winters to come, bringing their vicissitudes. And there are the hundred and fifty thousand other workers in Detroit who were out of work this winter who had no such stroke of luck—and there are the uncounted thousands of wage-losers in the districts tributary to the automobile center.

Pontiac, where are factories belonging to the Fisher Body, the Yellow Cab, the Oakland and Willys Knight, is twenty miles from Detroit, and we wrapped up pretty thoroughly for the drive there. It is one of those unfinished industrial towns huddled around a city hall, its streets straggling out into a flat country. Things had been astir the morning I reached Pontiac. The Communists had staged a demonstration, the police had broken it up, the leader had been arrested, and there were little knots of people about the City Hall talking it over. It was said that the Communists had been spreading discontent among the unemployed. Irony in that, for surely it doesn't take a Communist to make one feel discontented after six months of unemployment. And that is what many of the workers in Pontaic had been up against. Last spring, when employment was at its peak, there were 29,000 at work; last fall they dipped to 14,000. The public funds were being called upon to the extent of approximately 2,000 grocery orders a week, and the officials estimated that as high as 90 per cent of the people coming to them came because of unemployment.

I saw the same waiting lines in Pontiac that I had seen in Detroit and was told they were the same sort of cases. In the bus to Flint—it's forty-five miles—a man behind me talked jubilantly of a new job awaiting him; but at last even his voice and the thought of those disconsolate groups we were leaving behind, were lost in the ride. It was just at sundown and so beautiful I could have gone on forever. The sun set over snow covered fields and apple orchards, and cast a glow over all the bleakness. It was good to see something lovely.

As I drive a Buick, I someway felt an extra interest in the city where it is made. According to a report made by the Flint Chamber of Commerce, over 90 per cent of all the local industrial wage-earners are employed in plants which are subsidiaries of General Motors. I had associated high dividends and big profits so long with General Motors that I couldn't believe that all the dreary things I'd met so far would be true here too. But they were, and someway there seemed an extra flatness. The very fact that a whole city of 150,000 people depends for livelihood upon one corporation gives a sense of hopelessness in bad times.

Bright Future for Auto Industry Seen by Manufacturer Official had been the cheerful streamer in the Flint Daily Journal for November 27; but Thanksgiving had its limitations when unofficial reports for November cited local production at ten thousand units against a normal of seventy thousand. The Journal published an article listing Industrial Firms of State Running Short Schedules, but omitting any reference to local

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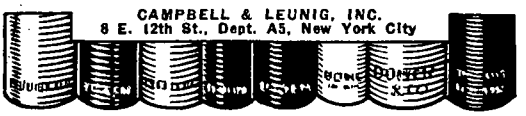

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conditions. Two inches was given up to a young man who committed suicide. No motive, the item said, could be found. He was to have returned to work "in a few days."

The Chamber of Commerce was not willing to give me employment figures. Its January bulletin began with an article giving the rise in building permits in the five-year period ending December 31—(Flint makes Remarkable Growth! was the heading)—but the secretary told me that the rise and fall of industrial employment is not made public. In a pamphlet, Progressive Flint, issued by the chamber in 1929, under the heading A Fortunate City, the statement began: "Flint considers her economic structure as particularly advantageous and stable."

Nonetheless, one grocer reported in November that his business had fallen in two weeks from $100 to $40 a day. A dairy reported in December that its milk routes were running $10 to $12 a day lower than usual. A baking company found a drop of 7,000 loaves a day in December. The Industrial Department of the Y. W. C. A. had made a study of conditions because of the situation among the girls who came to them. The Social Service Bureau, at the time of my visit in January, particularly stressed the high type of family that was beginning, after six months of hard times, to come to them for assistance; and the City Poor Fund grocery bill approximated $15,000 that month, which was more than the entire food bill during the preceding fiscal year.

THROUGHOUT the Middle West are the manufacturers of parts, the producers of the raw materials that go into cars. In Cincinnati, the personnel director of a milling machine company explained how the automobile industry was their "weather;" beyond a certain point they could not regularize employment in his plants so long as the demand from the machine rooms of the auto centers was so unsteady. In Braddock I caught a glimpse of the broken working time of the steel workers in the Pittsburgh district. The Slavs know how to get along pretty well in spite of it, the mill-town priest told me, but it was hard on the Americans who had not had the discipline of poverty. All eastern Ohio was affected by the slump in motor car manufacture during the fall and winter, accentuating the general business situation. In Cleveland, the Associated Charities reported that in the slack times this winter, unemployment accounted for 75 per cent of their case load and the City-State Employment office—whose work impressed me as the most competent I saw anywhere—reported that there were fewer jobs to be had there than in any January since 1922.

At Friendly Inn in Cleveland they were planning a barber shop and boot-blacking stand in the settlement basement as an outlet for some of the half-grown colored boys who were out of work. One evening we went up to the top floor where I met an assortment of big gawky boys of sixteen and seventeen. They were all introduced separately and they each rose and made a little bow and said, "Pleased tow meet you, Miss Hall," in a soft drawl with whites of their eyes rolling nervously. Then we proceeded, sitting in a circle in approved round-table fashion. I did my best to draw them out and I did, but not in the way that I anticipated.

Each one told how hard his job had been, how he'd had to quit because "he didn't like to get so tiahed," or he "just like to res' in the winter and work in the summer," and one said that "there wasn't no reason anybody couldn't get a good job if they jest get out and looks for it." He hadn't got out; he was a fighter and he didn't care to work because he "made so much money as a caddy at the golf links he didn't need to do nuthin' but caddy and fight." When pressed to know whether any of them worked in the automobile business, one killing boy rolled his eyes to the ceiling and said, "Yes, mam, I did."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, I sits on de radiator of de Franklin to show it don't get hot. I rides all day in a bathin' suit with writin' on it. But I has to walk home in the bathin' suit, and I doesn't like dat."

"Yeah," broke in another one, "it wus a one-piece bathing suit, too."

Our tester snorted. "How come you say that. I never wore no one-piece, it was *two* all de time."

Whereat the round table ended. It had not been overly suc-

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cessful, either in exhibiting the plight of the Negro migrants to the northern cities, much less that of my young informants who were so reassuringly polite. They were putting up a front like many a chamber of commerce; the Cleveland chamber for example, which had resisted efforts to get public recognition of either the seriousness or the manageability of the unemployment problem. But I would rather think now of those young boys I met at Friendly Inn than of all those waiting lines of people I had seen, waiting for work or relief, people whose households build their hopes and fears around the cars we use or pleasure in. Would that the tongues of angels could plead for the families I had seen!

The experience the automobile makers have gone through is paralleled by that of the radio makers and other of our new mass production industries that are seasonal or subject to violent shifts in the market. This winter's dislocations have been on a grand scale, but the condition is one which is repeated in a greater or less degree every year.

THE unemployment study of the National Federation of Settlements has not been made with a view to pointing out remedies for unemployment. We know that the seasonal curves in some industries where management has recognized its waste, have been ironed out. We know that systems of insurance or employment reserves which protect workers through slack seasons have been evolved. We know that some employers have faced the problems of technological unemployment in their own plants and overcome them. We know that in some measure money for public works has been used to ward off slack times and ease them when they come. We know that public employment departments have been organized which could serve as models for the rest of the country. But we know that these things are as yet only sporadic efforts on the part of generous, far-sighted men.

May I remind the reader again that mine is not a record of the unemployable. Those of whom I have written are people who can and will work. Their records show this to be true. I have tried to let them speak for themselves. There is small doubt that if the voices of such men and women could reach far enough they would rouse the leaders of our times to the recognition that to give security to employment is a task worthy of the builders of American industry.

NOT far from our settlement house in Philadelphia is the Rodin Museum, and I often go there to see the more than life-size bronze group in the yard—his Burghers of Calais. You know the story of how, when the English besieged that medieval city, they promised to spare the town if six men could be found who would give their lives for Calais. Rodin has caught the hostages as they were leaving the city gates, moving toward their death. When you come on them first you get a sense of mass, only made living by lights and shadows. Gradually as you stay the figures emerge, but only as men sharing a common destiny. Then if you stay long enough you begin to know what that destiny means to each one of them, and after you have felt this you never see them again just as parts of a group. You know that Calais is still near, for one man looks back and shields his eyes from the pain of it. His strong body, which strains toward the city, tells of a full and well loved life behind him. You know that he still feels the warmth of his wife's last touch and the pull of his little children's arms. Beside him is an old man who walks bent forward, with no look behind; the sag of age held straight in the grip of determination. It is not so hard for him because he has almost done with life. A young man leads and beckons them on with a snap of the finger and a bold gesture of the hand. His is the courage which comes from physical stamina, youth without imagination. There is an old Puritan, a sour man but just. He carries the keys of the city to the conquerors. You know by the grim look of the mouth that he allows no quarter for himself or for others. He takes his tragedy as sternly as he has taken his triumphs, a safe man to hold the keys of a city, but not one to adventure with on a spring day. I am sure his wife dared not cry until he had left her. There is one gentle figure, strong and beautiful. The eyes look way ahead, beyond the place where they go to die to the glory that

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lies beyond. But while his eyes look ahead, his hand leads his comrades on. It is a gesture which leads while it tries to explain. His own pain doesn't matter; perhaps he doesn't feel it; but their pain he feels and he longs to take their spirits with him beyond their suffering. He himself is beyond the need for courage.

Perhaps three hundred years from now, or a hundred, or fifty—or less if you are hopeful—some sculptor will fashion a knot of men standing in our employment lines of today as hostages of the modern industrial center, so that all men may see their personal tragedies as well as the civic drama of it. And the citizens of Detroit may set the statue up in a public square as symbol of their deliverance from a great threat to the life of the people.

TIGHTENING THE MEXICAN BORDER

(*Continued from page* 29)

County, and the southern boundary of Kern County, the toe of the Nevada boot and that part of Arizona which fringes the Colorado, 2,262 separate investigations with a view to deportation were carried on in three months. In conducting these investigations, a total of 4,085,008 interviews were held with various persons.

Moreover, knowing that they are here illegally and fearing examination and arrest, thousands of Mexicans have gone to the border and have asked permission to cross. Some of these have re-entered, legalizing their domicile in this country, but thousands have remained in their native land. It is the policy of the immigration service to permit and even encourage these "voluntary deportations."

Just what are the social and economic bearings of this new border policy? In the first place it has resulted in a still further depletion of the available labor supply of the southwest. Just how great the shortage may be, it would take a Hoover Commission to find out. Employers of seasonal Mexican labor declare that it is very real, while the interests which have long been clamoring for restriction of immigration insist that it is only imaginary. Cotton growers say that they cannot harvest their crops, and one certainly sees plenty of signs along the highways calling for cotton pickers. The lettuce growers of the Imperial valley who are dependent upon Mexican labor are really finding themselves hard put to get men. Indeed they insist that because the border patrol *is* a border patrol, Mexican laborers get away from the line as fast as possible. "The fear of God" is so real that the American farmers are sure that it is going to ruin them.

As a matter of fact, the growers along the border have never built up a labor policy. Favored by their proximity to a limitless labor market, they have been content to use the peon when first he crosses the line. For the most part he has been profitable because he has been ignorant. His value to them would keep up, if he were only dumb as well. Usually however it takes about one season for him to become acquainted with conditions in the new country. Then he quits and finds a better job, farther north. He is in school, and he learns rapidly. The border counties from the Gulf to the Pacific are just the primary department, where he learns his A. B. Cs. Their traditional labor supply has been dependent upon practically unrestricted immigration. And the day of unrestricted immigration has passed.

As a result of the new border policy there has been an increase in wages. Lugubriously the cotton and vegetable men of the Imperial valley tell the story. "There is not enough labor for everybody, and we are bidding against each other for what there is. We are having to pay more for our workers than ever before."

All this is to the good: for higher wages will inevitably be followed by better housing and increased standards of living. After all it is hard to get unduly concerned about the need for perpetuating an economic system which requires an annual influx of uninformed, unintelligent "hands"; an economic system whose very existence depends upon peon labor working for peon wages which yield only a peon standard of living. And

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any industry which feels that it depends upon such labor conditions needs to set its economic house in order.

There are some among us who are old enough to remember the closing days of the Civil war. There were plenty to declare that the South was absolutely dependent upon slave labor. It has taken the South more than half a century to readjust herself; but that the south is stronger and more prosperous for having made that adjustment none will deny. Large employers of immigrant labor in the East were sure that the quota law of 1924 would spell ruin; inevitably however the elimination of cheap labor with cheap standards of living has reflected itself in nation-wide prosperity. Cheap labor is always an industrial narcotic. It results in over production which creates a depression: this in turn excites the producer to seek for still cheaper labor that he may still further reduce the cost of production. It is a vicious circle from the effects of which the Imperial and the San Joaquin valleys are suffering today.

Nonetheless, there are certain elements of injustice in the new border policy. For ten years, the Mexican peon had surely been the Atlas holding upon his broad shoulders the economic life of the Southwest. He has bent his back over every field, toiled on every mile of railroad, and poured his sweat into every cubic yard of concrete. We have needed him; we have felt that we could not get along without him. And when our need was most acute in the industrial epoch which followed the war, we forgot our own immigration laws. Now that the acute need has passed away, by a stricter interpretation we are uprooting these people and sending them home. By actual deportations, or by "putting the fear of God" into their hearts, we are thrusting them into an economic order with which they have grown unfamiliar. Most of them have been conscious of doing no wrong. And when they steal back across the line to reestablish themselves in the social and economic order to which we have accustomed them, they are thrown in jail as common felons. The injustice comes not from any particular border policy, but rather because we have had no consistent policy.

Furthermore a grave social problem is being created in Mexican border cities. With a scarcity of work and an oversupply of workers, there is suddenly being dumped upon them a large number of people who are immediately competitors for the few jobs available. And Mexico has few organized agencies to take care of them until they can be rehabilitated.

TIME was when organized American labor was not opposed to Mexican immigration. It viewed with complacency the bronze-faced man with the sombrero and the long black mustache who was willing to live in a box-car, and toil through the heat of the day with a pick and shovel. It did not get excited about Mexican cotton pickers, or beet workers who could make a living only by throwing the whole family into the field. Muck and dirt and sweat and migration; heat and child-labor and intolerable living conditions—all were summed up in the pat phrase: "He does the work no white man will do."

But gradually there has been a change. The little bronze man with the black mustache is nobody's fool. Usually as we have seen he is good for about one season in the heat of the Imperial valley; then, with his little stake he moves to Los Angeles. He attends a night school and learns English; later perhaps a trade school where he becomes acquainted with the technical details of the job which lies just above him—out of the muck where he is working. The sombrero gives place to a workman's cap; even the mustache disappears, and a foreign laborer bids for a job which he can do and will do at a cheaper wage than the American worker.

A few years ago the sugar companies of Michigan imported at great expense ten or twelve thousand Mexicans to work in the beet fields. It meant work for only seven months of the year at the most. It could be made to pay living wages only by putting the children into the fields. It involved work from dawn to dark. It was a "stoop job." But when the first beet season was over, the Mexicans drifted to Pontiac, to Detroit, to Flint, to Saginaw. They took the muck jobs in the foundaries. In the spring they were deaf to the frantic call from the beet growers. They stuck by their industrial jobs, and began slowly working their way up. The semi-skilled American laborer of the Middle West today is being ground between the upper

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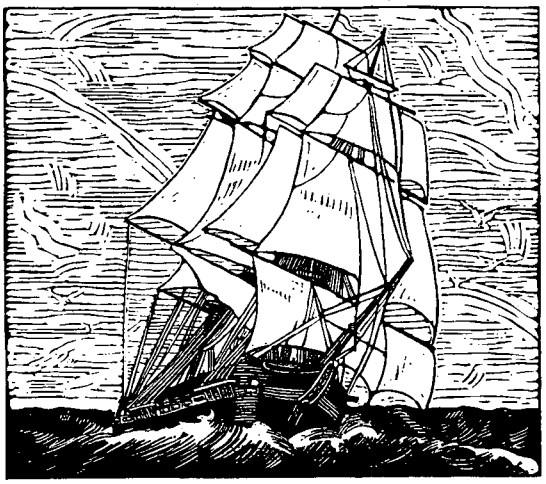

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Probably not; and that is the reason why the American Federation of Labor has lined upon the opposite side of the fence from the border country farmers and twice gone on record as favoring the application of the provisions of the quota law to Mexico.

But the difficulties involved in making Mexico a quota nation have been too thoroughly discussed to need more than brief mention here. Citizens of all western hemisphere nations are admitted without quota restrictions. Can we single out Mexico from the other Latin countries of the new world, and place her immigration upon a quota? What about our treaty with its "favored nation" clause? And if all the Latin-American countries are brought under the quota, how will it affect our growing trade with South America? If Mexico, why not Canada?

Is it possible, that facing these knotty problems the State Department passed the tip to the Department of Immigration? At all events we have discovered that the gaps in the Mexican border can be stopped without the quota.

IVORYDALE

(*Continued from page* 22)

You know what I mean—afraid we can't get the children what they ought to have, or afraid we'll lose our homes, or afraid I'll be out of work. Say, I guess I feel as safe as Mr. Procter himself!

Many workers with whom I talked had been with the firm before the present employment guarantee plan went into effect, and the labor turnover ran over 100 per cent annually.

"They never was brutal here about turning men off," John Holtz said (I do not use the real names of employes in quoting them).

None of this laying you off in the middle of the morning, for instance, like they do at the X plant. But things sure was different than they are now. You could just about count on a month's lay-off in the summer as well as in the winter, and then there would be a spell of short time now and then, and so on. It was hard on the company, slowing down and speeding up like that. And it was hard on us. I'll say it was! I've worked fifty weeks a year for three years now. And counting it by the year, I've made more than my brother that's a bookkeeper down town, in straight wages. Besides that, I've been paying out my stock, with profit sharing dividends to help me, where he can't manage to save a cent. Fact is, I'm giving him a little help this winter. The office he was in cut down on its force right after the crash, and he was two months out of a job. He's working again now, but of course, he's dreadfully behind.

Miss Drew went to work in the packing department thirty-five years ago. "We used to never know how to figure," she told me. "You'd work two weeks, and then that lay-off would be looking you in the face again. Especially at Christmas—there was years I'd go along the street at Christmas time not knowing whether I dared buy my presents, because I might need my money for the rent. Now we're so used to steady work I guess we just take it for granted. But when I look back, I realize the difference it makes. I wouldn't go back to those old days, not for the highest wages you can get at the rush time downtown."

Bert Kuhn helped put the cap on the smoke-stack of the present Ivorydale plant in 1885. For the past seven years he has been on a pension. On his own job as pump operator Mr. Kuhn had more overtime than lay-off. But a good many of the depart-

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ments used to be pretty irregular, before this new scheme went into effect. I hear that works fine, but it's since my day at the plant. I was with the company when this Mr. Procter come home from college and pulled on a pair of overalls. He worked all over the factory. Many a time I've heard Charlie Ketcham tell how Mr. Procter sat up all night, boiling his first kettle of soap. He's always taken a big interest in soap making, though he knows every department in the plant. Hundreds of the men and girls he can call by name. Of course, we know he's our boss—a job is bound to go to pieces without a boss. But I don't believe you'll find a single one of his employes that don't think of him as a friend, too. It makes it better for everybody, having that kind of feeling in the plant.

There are three representatives of the employe-stockholders on the Procter and Gamble board of directors, chosen annually by popular election, one each from Ivorydale, Port Ivory (Staten Island, N. Y.) and the Kansas City plant. I had a long talk with the man who was chosen to serve on the board from Ivorydale several years ago, an up-standing young German-American of about thirty-five. He said:

I'm glad I had that chance; it gave me a chance to get acquainted a little with Mr. Procter. I always knew he was a great boss, but now I know there probably isn't his like anywhere in the world. I always felt perfectly at home at the meetings and said my say just like Mr. French [the vice-president] or any of them. I've worked on the railroad and in the steel mills—I never saved a cent till I came here. I've been here eight years. I've got my stock all paid for, and I'm buying my home. And I've got a lot more years to buy stock.

DAVE HENLY was fairly typical of the newer employe in his attitude toward his job at Ivorydale. Dave, a lean, anxious-looking Kentuckian, told me he came to Cincinnati because "times got so bad back home." He is a machinist.

I had my job nine years. And then, just like that, they let me out. I couldn't git nothin' back home. I heerd times was better in Cincinnati an' come up here. Then I come out to this factory. I was like to go crazy. But they're different out here from what they are some places. They got time to talk things out with a man. I tole them just how 'twere with me. They didn't have no place for a machinist, but they offered me unskilled labor, an' I was glad enough to git that. I been here ten months now. I can't say I like my work—I'm a machinist. But they say the first opening, they'll put me at my right work. And you kin believe what they tells you here. They don't string you along. Of course, wages for common labor don't go far, but we're makin' out somehow. I got plenty to worry about, but one thing I ain't got—I'm not goin' to lose my job.

The head of the men's employment division at Ivorydale underscored what this tall Kentuckian said. "The men who apply for jobs often tell me they don't care what the wage rate is—it's the steady work that counts."

What steady work for a large group of industrial workers means in community terms, was stated for me by a good many people in Cincinnati and in St. Bernard. Ivorydale, which covers more than a hundred acres, is situated in St. Bernard, a community of about 7,500 inhabitants which is located within the Cincinnati city limits but is nevertheless an independent city. More than a quarter of the town's inhabitants are Procter and Gamble employes. It is a prosperous community with four building and loan associations besides the bank, good public elementary and high schools, and street after street of comfortable homes, frame or brick, each with its own yard and shade trees. In physical appearance, it would never be taken for a "factory town." An official of the bank, who has been in St. Bernard since 1914, said to me:

If it hadn't done anything except give their people the ease of mind they have now, that job guarantee would have been worth while. Most of our depositors are Procter and Gamble employes. We used to have lots of applications for loans, to tide workers over emergencies. There has been very little of that the last years. Regular work at the plant has made this a more prosperous community. It has made better times for the bank. I think officials of the company would tell you that it has paid them, too. But I believe mental strain is worse than sickness—harder to stand, and, in the long run, worse for a man and his family, and that's what Procter and Gamble have relieved. Among our depositors, the new arrangement at the plant has not meant a big increase in savings accounts but in stock ownership. Of course, that is a more profitable form of savings. And with steady wages and a backlog of savings, the workers at Procter and Gamble can live much better than most factory groups. It is conservative to say, I think, that eighty per cent of them own their own homes. In most factory towns, there's a big liquor problem, there's unrest and discontent, and worry all the time. How can men (*Continued on page* 61)

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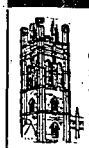

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(*Continued from page* 57) and women be good citizens when they are always in debt, always afraid, never getting ahead? It's bad for the workers, but it's a whole lot worse for the town they live in.

I talked, too, with a doctor and a merchant in St. Bernard, who echoed the same thing. The greater freedom of wage-earners with steady jobs in making use of medical skill and advice, the economies to retailer and customer of a large volume of cash business and of bills which are promptly met were pointed out by these two men whose clients and customers are drawn largely from among Ivorydale workers. They underscored the importance of wage-earners as purchasers of goods and professional services. They offered, too, factual support for the position of sound business men, such as the members of the Industrial Relations Committee of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, who hold that through regularizing business and thereby giving wage-earners steady work and steady wages, American industry will open up for its products the biggest new market in the world.

At the Department of Public Welfare and the Associated Charities in Cincinnati they smile at the idea of a Procter and Gamble family asking relief. "The city has a big unemployment problem right now," Fred K. Hoehler, director of public welfare said. "But Procter and Gamble is clear outside it. You don't know how funny it sounds—the notion that any of their people would be coming to us. I guess two-thirds of their people live in St. Bernard, but the ones who live in Cincinnati would never be in our files. Most of those factory workers are a whole lot better off than a good many of the white collar men here in the city. They'll tell you the same thing over at the Charities, too."

From the viewpoint of management, as well as from the viewpoint of the workers and of the community, regularization has succeeded at Procter and Gamble's. "We can't give you the figures, but we know it has paid," Colonel Procter said. So did Mr. Zoeller, and also the production manager, the head of the advertising department, and many others with whom I talked. They pointed to the greater efficiency and the elimination of waste, which they referred to as "by-products of regularization," to lower unit costs, decreased labor turnover, the increased loyalty and effectiveness of the workers. "Sometimes these things are referred to as intangibles," Mr. Zoeller pointed out. "But there can be no doubt they have immense dollar-and-cents value—so much so that I believe everyone connected with this organization agrees that the large sums necessary to put the plan into operation were enormously well spent."

So far as I could judge, Procter and Gamble wage scales are about on the prevailing level for unskilled, semi-skilled and skilled labor in the Cincinnati area. Only about 23 per cent of their workers are in the last class. The consensus of opinion among the scores of workers with whom I talked—Procter and Gamble employes and men and women at the employment offices in the city—was that Ivorydale workers were paid very much above the local average, considering their year-round jobs. "They get good wages, and then a lot more," a jobless punch-press operator at the employment office said. And a girl who works in the Chipso packing room at Ivorydale said the same thing in greater detail:

I don't see what it matters if you're paid a hundred dollars a week: If you only get paid a couple of months a year, you're poor, aren't you? Well, what we get we get right around the year. And you got to add to that, our chance at profit sharing, sick benefit, stock dividends and all the rest. I don't believe there's another place in Ohio—maybe not in this country—where people in a factory get a chance to handle the money a Procter and Gamble worker makes, year in, year out. Look at me, for instance. I had to leave school after the first year highschool. I was eighteen then. I'm twenty-five now. Next month I quit and get married. I got thirteen hundred dollars worth of stock. I got three hundred and seventy dollars in the savings bank. My boy friend, he works over on the other side. He's been here nine years. He's got eighteen hundred dollars worth of stock besides his savings account. We can start our married life with a good payment made on our home, and we can buy our furniture. Not on the installment plan. I mean buy it. That's the way we get paid here—so we can get somewhere. See what I mean?

Behind what this girl said, lay a (*Continued on page* 64)

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WANTED: Jewish man as supervisor in Orphanage. 6609 SURVEY.

WANTED: Physical Director in Jewish Community Center. State age, experience, education. Enclose picture. 6614 SURVEY.

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(*Continued from page* 61) real understanding of the general policies of the company, and of the worker's part in them. This understanding, this genuine sense of participation is very general among Procter and Gamble employes. It is due, in part, of course, to the successful functioning of the Employes' Conference Committee, the clearing house of facts and viewpoints for both the employing and the employed groups. The preamble to the constitution of this committee, adopted in 1918, unlike many similar documents is a clear statement of the purpose and methods of the organization:

A mutual understanding between the employes and the management of the company has always existed. Unity of interest has been recognized and practiced by both. Changes are occurring in the industrial life of the nation which affect our organization, alike with others. In former days, when the number of employes was not so great, there was closer contact between employes and management, each was easier of access to the other, and each understood better the aims and ambition of the other. Such relations are essential to the happiness and prosperity of the workers and to the success of the individual. The purpose and aim is to provide for regular conferences between representatives of the employes and representatives of management, to afford the employes ready means of making suggestions and to bring to the direct attention of the management matters which, in their opinion, need adjustment or correction, as well as to give to management opportunity to outline its views and plans to the workmen, to the end that both shall benefit and that a fuller understanding between them shall exist.

There was a notable example of the effectiveness of this committee in 1919 when the ten-hour day and the war time wage scale were replaced by the eight-hour day, and a basic minimum wage of 50 cents an hour for adult male labor. These changes were worked out by the Employes' Conference Committee, the committee's proposals were adopted without modification and immediately and successfully put into effect. The elaborate Health Service Department at Ivorydale was also the result of recommendations originating in this committee.

My inquiry into the working of the Procter and Gamble employment policy was limited to a few swift days in the midst of this winter's unemployment, which put their plan to severe test. But my acquaintance with the Procter and Gamble point of view goes far back of that. It begins with one of the stories my grandmother used to tell, of her girlhood on the edge of Cincinnati, more than seventy years ago. Her father was a wheelwright, "a very skilled workman," she remembered with pride. In 1853, in its heyday as a great river port, Cincinnati was ravaged by the epidemic of Asiatic cholera that swept many sections of this country and Europe. My grandmother was then a girl in her early teens. She had two little brothers, much younger than herself, who were more beloved of her father than any of his twelve sons and daughters. These two children were victims of the epidemic, dying within an hour of one another one stifling summer night. At dawn, the little bodies were taken away by the "dead wagon" which passed through the streets, attended by men masked and sheeted against infection, who cried, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" Those were days of meager pay, long hours, harsh discipline. A workman could not afford to risk his wages or the loss of his job by a day's absence. "There were tears streaming down his cheeks, strong man though he was," my grandmother remembered. "My mother clung to him, almost fainting." Nevertheless, her father went to work that bitter morning. My grandmother's eyes always filled as she recalled how he came home before noon, his wages in his hand "just as though he had worked the week out," and instructions to stay with his wife the rest of that day (it was a Friday) and all day Saturday, "because she needs you more at this time than we need you here." Across the years that unexpected consideration for a workman by his employer was gratefully treasured. The employer was "Mr. Procter, the soapmaker."

It is difficult to fit together in the compass of a magazine article the long story of the Procter and Gamble growth and its success. Perhaps the old-fashioned word Colonel Procter used best sums it up: It is a business with a conscience—toward its workers as well as toward its capital, and throughout its history it has striven honestly to keep that conscience clean. In the end that explains why, at a time of general business recession, in a community called on to shoulder a heavy relief problem, the Procter and Gamble employes go steadily about their work, secure against the hunger and cold, the fear and uncertainty and sickening strain that industrial unemployment brings to workingmen, and to their wives and children.

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